

The TATLER

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November 8, 1939



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UP THE SPOUT

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"Digby, Sir. St. Marks."

"I watched your recent exploit, Mr. Digby — it had a certain element of daring."

"Yes, Sir."

"But no element of originality."

"No, Sir."

"It will be necessary to send workmen up in the morning to remove the object — not without some danger to life and limb."

"Yes, Sir."

"From your appearance and your manner, Mr. Digby, I assume that you are celebrat-

ing some event of great importance — some outstanding academic achievement no doubt."

"Yes, Sir."

"H'm — my advice, sir, is that you retire to bed immediately, having first taken a long draught of Rose's Lime Juice. Its therapeutic effects may help you to face the wrath to come in the morning."

"Thank you, Sir."

"And by the way — I notice you chose the long way up. Actually there is a shorter way. I remember in '88 or was it '89 — H'm — H'm. Good night."

"Good night, Sir."

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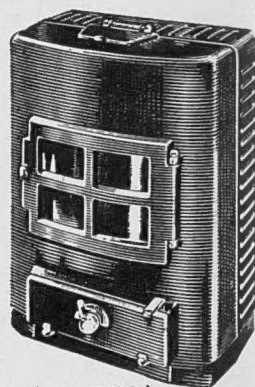
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The TATTLER

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MISS ELIZABETH WELLESLEY TO MARRY

Catherine Bell, Albemarle Street

The engagement was announced last week of Mr. Thomas Clyde, son of Mr. W. P. Clyde, and of Mrs. Allan Kyle, to Miss Elizabeth Wellesley, only daughter of Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley. Miss Wellesley is a descendant of the great Duke of Wellington. Her father has been Surveyor of His Majesty's Works of Art since 1936, and Lady Gerald is the poetess, Dorothy Wellesley. Mr. Clyde, who is now in the army is a keen gentleman rider and has ridden successfully in several point-to-points and steeplechases



Hay Wrightson
AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR
ROBERT BROOKE-POPHAM

Sir Robert Brooke-Popham is one of the distinguished band of experts who have gone over to Canada in connexion with the Imperial scheme for supplying aeroplanes to the R.A.F. Sir Robert threw up the post of Governor of Kenya, which he had held since 1937, in order to re-join the service with which he has been connected since he first joined the R.F.C. in 1912

"The fact is that we have a world of A.I machinery and C.3 minds, and there is no political alchemy to extract golden conduct out of leaden instincts."

DEAN INGE

BUT when an A.I mind infuses a book, its brain-child, with fertile ideas and happenings whose strangeness gains significance through the alchemy of the author's personality, warm in charm and wit, we should rejoice, and hope again. Such a book is "Dusty Measure," just out to take its place beside Sir Ronald Storrs's "Orientations," Mr. James Agate's various "Ego"(s) and the autobiographies of Sir Edward Marsh and Mr. Valentine Williams, among entertaining memoirs of recent years. In some ways the author is a bigger man than any of these, and what he has to tell more vital in relation to current events. But the book of Colonel Sir Thomas Montgomery Cuninghame, sometime Military Attaché in Vienna, Prague and Athens, will soon be a celebrity, speaking for itself. He and She will

And the World said—

squabble over who is to read it first, and then about which are the best bits, finally agreeing to pass it on to Someone Else because a Good Thing must circulate. Though he mentions his father, who won a Crimean V.C. (incidentally son "Sandy" is serving in his grandfather's regiment) there is no word about their breeding which goes back through the Ayrshire feuds of Montgomeries and Cuninghames—only ended by great-grandfather's marriage to the opposition heiress—into the Earldom of



Cannons of Hollywood
THE HON. KATHARINE CHATFIELD

One of the most vital offices in the War Cabinet, that of Minister for Co-ordination of Defence, is held by Lord Chatfield, whose younger daughter is charmingly pictured above. Lord Chatfield, who was previously First Sea Lord, has had a notable active career afloat and ever since his appointment to his present post, has been acknowledged as the best man for a very important job



Jane Haydon
LADY ELIZABETH COKE AND
HER DAUGHTER CAREY

The wife of Captain the Hon. Thomas Coke, grandson and second heir of the Earl of Leicester, is the daughter of the eighth Earl of Hardwicke and cousin to the present holder of the title. Carey was born in 1934 and has an elder sister, Anne Veronica

Glencairn, which Sir Thomas claims. Too modest to write-up his own ancestry, he draws the implications of noblesse oblige in a character study of King Constantine, whom the ex-Kaiser literally ruined by broadcasting his pet name! "The dice were loaded with such an absurd bias. Because the king was a king he had against him the trumpeted antipathy of the democrats—a sort of inverted snobbery that thinks wisdom is the perquisite of the upstart." On the Boer War, Sir Thomas is a riot. "There was a certain amount of humour in the air in those days. Captain Dermot Blundell, who held a post at a railway crossing, sent a wire to the Director of Supplies. THE VIRGINS HERE ARE FOOLISH PLEASE MAKE THEM WISE. Asked to expound his cryptic message, Dermot answered that he had already represented several times in an ordinary way the fact that there was no oil for the station lamps." The late Captain Blundell-Hollinshead-Blundell has one son, Victor, in the Scots

Guards, and one lovely daughter, Violet, who has managed to avoid matrimony to date. Airy bandinage aside, Sir Thomas has re-created the South African War and its vigorous combatants, which reminds me to tip you a good novel about a much earlier period out there, "Watch for the Dawn," by Stewart Cloete, who was in the Coldstream during the European War and is descended from a well-known "Boar" family, as "General Idunno" of the Dublin Fusiliers mispronounced his gallant enemies. After King Constantine, the most interesting analysis in the book is of Henry Wilson, the general who "ascribed to Germany the design of securing undisputed hegemony in Europe" as long ago as 1900. Many others come to life, including Sir Herbert Plumer, at the Curragh, and, described with racy tenderness, Sir William Pittcairn-Campbell, "General Johnny." The Irish pages show the natural affinity of a man with Celtic blood for that uneasy enchanted island whose daily life Pamela Hinkson touches with a wand in her new book, "Irish Gold," which contains much beauty but not much wit. Events in Central Europe leading to the last war and the "banana" blunder of Versailles make up a good measure of "Dusty Measure," though some will read it for the Battle of the Marne alone, and others for the Greek tragedy, a brief complement to Mr. Compton Mackenzie's three-volume thriller, and here comparison favours the professional soldier ("pragmatic," Mackenzie called him) as a chronicler of events which changed everything for you and me. The book ends too soon in Vienna after the war. But the three women whose *entrain* fanned the Indian summer of Viennese life are not mentioned. They were the author's first wife (the former Alice des Voeux, now Lady Symonds) and Gräfin Erwin von



A FLYING M.P. AND FRIENDS

Squadron Leader N. J. Hulbert, seen on the left of this picture, has been the Conservative Member for Stockport since 1935. Before all hopes of such a thing were shattered, he was a member of the Council of Anglo-German Fellowship. Next to him is Mrs. Hulbert and on the right are Squadron Leader C. E. Benson, D.S.O., who served in the last war with the Grenadier Guards, and his wife, Lady Morvyth Benson, a sister of the Earl of Dudley

honour by the legendary Gräfin Ferdinand von Colloredo-Mannsfeld, *née* Nora Iselin of New York, third of those graces, who has since died.

* * *

Having crossed the Atlantic, we may as well proceed to Hollywood, which welcomed Merle Oberon at a dinner party at George Cukor's house. Sitting in his garden until midnight were the David Selznicks, the Douglas Fairbanks, Olivia de Havilland, Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett, Fannie Brice, Walter Wanger, Rex Evans and Irving Berlin. The two last strayed to the piano and reminisced over it for an hour—*Alexander's Ragtime Band* to *I Poured My Heart into a Song* from the latest Sonja Henie. Our Merle, having cancelled her Goldwyn contract "by mutual consent," is making *All This and Heaven Too* for Warners, directed by "Eddie" Gouling. What a long run of successes that amusing Englishman is having! The stars are patronizing Perino's restaurant in Beverly Hills, re-decorated by Tom Douglas who made a name years ago on the London stage in *Fata Morgana*. Another Douglas—Melvyn—shares with Ina Claire what honours are not taken by Garbo in *Ninotchka* which apparently is bound to please us because of its many laughs. The great star is said to be "delightfully different." It's a Lubitsch. He went to the preview as did Joan Crawford, Anita Loos and the aforesaid Mrs. Alexander Korda. Hollywood's favourite resort, Palm Springs, in the painted desert, has booked Betty Nuthall to run the tennis. My recollections of Palm Springs last Christmas Eve include Paul Lukas fencing on the edge of the pool; "Charlie" Farrell presiding; Hitler's attractive photographer, Leni Riefenstahl, in a lonely corner and, riding cowboy style, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, who has thrown up a good job in New York to return and try for the R.A.F. Asked how the three-hour medical went off, this laughing cavalier assured friends that he had been proved deaf, blind and dumb. I don't think. The medical examination scene in *Ignace* is a scream. Among Fernandel's *amateurs* patronizing the Berkeley Cinema was the Captain of Dunstaffnage, who hopes Mr. Churchill will not assign any U-boat crew to a common jail, as he did in the last



Pearl Freeman

MISS CORDELIA STEPHEN

The younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Humfrey Stephen, of Pleasaunce Court, near East Grinstead, is engaged to marry the Hon. Paul Greenway, son and heir of Lord and Lady Greenway, of Stangrove, Edenbridge, who came down from Cambridge last year

Schönborn, the former "Kitty" Wolff of Philadelphia (now Baronin Eugen von Rothschild, hostess to the Duke of Windsor at Schloss Enzesfeld after the Abdication) who, returning to her native States last Christmas for the first time in twenty-five years, brought vintage glitter to a party given in her

Englishman is having! The stars are patronizing Perino's restaurant in Beverly Hills, re-decorated by Tom Douglas who made a name years ago on the London stage in *Fata Morgana*. Another Douglas—Melvyn—shares with Ina Claire what honours are not taken by Garbo in *Ninotchka* which apparently is bound to please us because of its many laughs. The great star is said to be "delightfully different." It's a Lubitsch. He went to the preview as did Joan Crawford, Anita Loos and the aforesaid Mrs. Alexander Korda. Hollywood's favourite resort, Palm Springs, in the painted desert, has booked Betty Nuthall to run the tennis. My recollections of Palm Springs last Christmas Eve include Paul Lukas fencing on the edge of the pool; "Charlie" Farrell presiding; Hitler's attractive photographer, Leni Riefenstahl, in a lonely corner and, riding cowboy style, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, who has thrown up a good job in New York to return and try for the R.A.F. Asked how the three-hour medical went off, this laughing cavalier assured friends that he had been proved deaf, blind and dumb. I don't think. The medical examination scene in *Ignace* is a scream. Among Fernandel's *amateurs* patronizing the Berkeley Cinema was the Captain of Dunstaffnage, who hopes Mr. Churchill will not assign any U-boat crew to a common jail, as he did in the last



Bassano

THE HON. MRS. PETER HEALING

A second son was recently born to the Hon. Mrs. Peter Healing, whose first child, Michael, was born in 1936. Mrs. Healing is the sister of the present Lord Petre, and a daughter of the late Lord Petre, who died in 1915, of wounds received on active service. Her mother is now Lady Rasch

And the World said—*continued*

war, when a commander had failed to give victims a sporting chance. Twenty-nine British officers, the number of the crew, were treated as reprisals. Gaoled with criminals, they were given hardly any edible food so had to subsist on parcels from home, many of which never arrived. Also back from America and in the R.A.F. is "Freddie" Cameron, the St. Moritz ski-er. He and his attractive American-born wife were farming in Virginia. Another champion ski-er, "Billy" Clyde (to whose brother "Tom" congratulations on his engagement to Miss Elizabeth Wellesley), gave up his job in Princeton and has been wearing blue for some weeks, while a third, "Billy" Fiske, comes into an even higher category of volunteer because, though married to an English rose, he is one hundred per cent American. Nor was he brought up here, as were some who long enjoyed the privilege of being Londoners and of belonging to its clubs and golf clubs, but have now gone native. Few Paris-Americans have deserted their adopted city where they still flock to the Ritz for lunch between war-works. Basil Dean, Mr. Anthony Samuel (the Bearsted's youngest son), Mrs. Syrie Maugham (seen again at a gala-dinner for the Red Cross which was graced by the Windsors, Major Metcalfe, Sacha Guitry, the "Jim" Philipsons, Henri Garat, Lady Mendl and Eve Curie) were lunching there, also Lady Rosslyn, the James Rothschilds, Mrs. Violet Trefusis, Lord and Lady Furness, Sir Stephenson Kent, Lady Ludlow with Sir Derrick Wernher, Prince René de Bourbon-Parme (whose sister-in-law, the hereditary Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, is having an anxious time) the ever-lovely Madame Jacques Balsan with her husband, Mrs. "Reggie" Fellowes with hers, and, one of the busiest, Leslie, Lady Doverdale, who helped evacuate two hundred Paris poor children and, providing beds and bedding undertook to clothe them for the duration. Lady Doverdale's stepdaughter Mrs. Kenneth Hogg, is growing cabbages in Hertfordshire, assisted by Lord Lamington's musical daughter-in-law, Mrs. Victor Cochrane-Baillie, while her husband, tied to London, shares Mr. "Joss" Denison-Pender's establishment. There are several husbands at Kent House, a Noble stronghold, among them Mr. Gladwyn Jebb of the F.O. (who married Cynthia Noble) and Mr. David Eccles, a wealthy young business man whose acumen is praised in the City. He is adding to his laurels in the Ministry of Economic Warfare, while his wife, the eldest of Lord Dawson's trio, takes care of their children, and those of her sister, Mrs. Ian Bowater, in Wiltshire, whence come reports of an excellent shoot at Middleton, belonging to Captain Arnold Wills (late 18th). The guests were Colonel C. H. Gairdner, a polo and hockey player; Colonel L. Lloyd, who used to command the 3rd Carabiniers; Colonel Horace Lloyd, who manages the Wills' estate and his very new son-in-law, Richard Quarry (A.A.); Major Stephens, a Greenjacket, married to a noted horsewoman; Major-General R. Evans and "Tim" Rose-Richards, the racing driver. The younger son of the house, John Wills, could not be there owing to his wife's illness. She was Jean Elphinstone, one of the most attractive of the Queen's many decorative cousins. The elder, "Toby" Wills, is just going into a certain famous regiment. Some of the above went to Newbury Races, where Lord Sefton proved the best-dressed peer in war as in peace—his new warm

is magnificent. Mrs. Michael Beary talked to her cousin, that good rider, sometimes described as "the young Herbert who broke his neck." He, too, looks well in uniform. Mrs. Cecil Brownhill, in the shade shops call fuchsia, further enlivened her first wartime appearance on a racecourse by a flowing *burnous* of mustard-colour *crêpe*. She is a canteener.

Fashions in London are perforce uninteresting, but there was considerable *chic* on the part of the Turkish ladies at Madame Kazim Orbay's luncheon at Claridge's, to which she and the general invited their minister, who presided; Lord and Lady Chatfield (I hear he delights in the American novel, "The Yearling" which I wrote home about from Florida in

February); General Sir Edmund Ironside; Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Dudley Pound; Air Chief Marshal, Sir Cyril Newall and other big wigs, including the Lord Mayor. A cluster of apple blossom, complete with an apple, was the unusual decoration on the lapel of a Turkish lady's coat. Mrs. Denton Carlisle, who has been going about with our distinguished visitors, relaxed after the emotion of her daughter's wedding day. Mrs. Leonard Plugge, who gave a dinner for the Turkish Mission earlier in their stay, was another guest. Claridge's retains its level in quantity and quality. Sir Adrian Baillie supports the lunch trade. Mr. J. H. Thomas lunched one day and conductor Sidney Beer with his pretty fair-haired wife; Captain and Mrs. Gerald Portman; Mrs. Redmond McGrath wearing a coat of battleship grey; Miss Rosie Newman up from Newmarket, where she has been showing her films for the Red Cross; Mrs. Joseph Goldman (Sheila Roche); Irene Browne, who is in the *George and Margaret* revival at the Piccadilly, and Lord Portarlington, seen again at night at Quaglino's, where the inevitables include blonde Claire Luce and ash-blond Diana Caldwell. This is almost a club for weekly bumpkins and lads of the village in uniform—Colonel Leonard Ropner, for example, Member for Barkston Ash and one of the best-dressed in the House, he became a father again a few weeks ago; which last applies to Lord Cadogan, whose family numbers three under three. The Ritz is in it at lunch, when you may see there the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Simon Harcourt-Smith, Lady Eleanor of that ilk, "Foxey" Gwynne, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Sir Hugh and Lady Elles with her sunny daughter, Suzanne du Boulay, the Dalrymple-Champneys together of course, and, talking seriously the High Commissioner for Canada with Mr. F. W. H. Weaver, whose son, a St. Moritz *beau*, is a great friend of Lord Gort's son, "Sandy" Vereker, to whose only sister he was once engaged. Time marches on, and topics other than war and weather include the fact that Lady Castlerosse has become a country girl at Titlarks Farm, entertaining her brother's babies while he serves as a Tommy; the comfort and unmilitary good appearance of the W.V.S. dark green overcoats (praise Mrs. "Flash" Kellett and Digby Morton for thus designing to conserve feminine charm); the unexpected things people are doing (for instance *ex-débutante* Evangela Del Sandys is milking cows), and the unexpected nicknames earned on the Home Front, in particular "The Glamour Boy" applied behind his handsome back to Admiral Sir Edward Evans (of the *Broke*) one of the two Regional Commissioners of Civil Defence for London.



Yvonne Gregory

MRS. LINLEY MESSEL

A recent and very successful studio portrait of the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Linley Messel who is C.O. a yeomanry regiment. Mrs. Messel is a sister-in-law of Oliver Messel, Old Etonian and very famous artistic designer and of Lady Rosse. She is at present doing her bit with the Red Cross

POSTAL INFORMATION

Many people have been in the habit, after reading THE TATLER, of posting it to friends abroad, or of buying copies specially for that purpose. The censorship does not allow private individuals to post newspapers and periodicals to any country on the censorable list as printed matter affords opportunities of conveying information to enemy agents. But there is no reason why you should stop sending THE TATLER to your friends abroad. All you have to do is to place a regular order direct with us or with a reputable newsagent. The newspaper will then be despatched on your behalf quicker than you yourself could send them off in peace time. If you want

to know what the censorable countries are, ask us or your newsagent. Any post office will tell you how to dispatch THE TATLER to members of the British Expeditionary Force. The censorable countries are: Italy, Rutenia, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway, San Marino, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria, Thailand (Siam), Vatican City, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Monaco, Lichtenstein, Andorra, or any dependencies thereof.

WHILE LONDON DOES NOT SLEEP



MR. CHARLES FARRELL AND MISS MOYRA SCOTT SUPPING TOGETHER ONE NIGHT

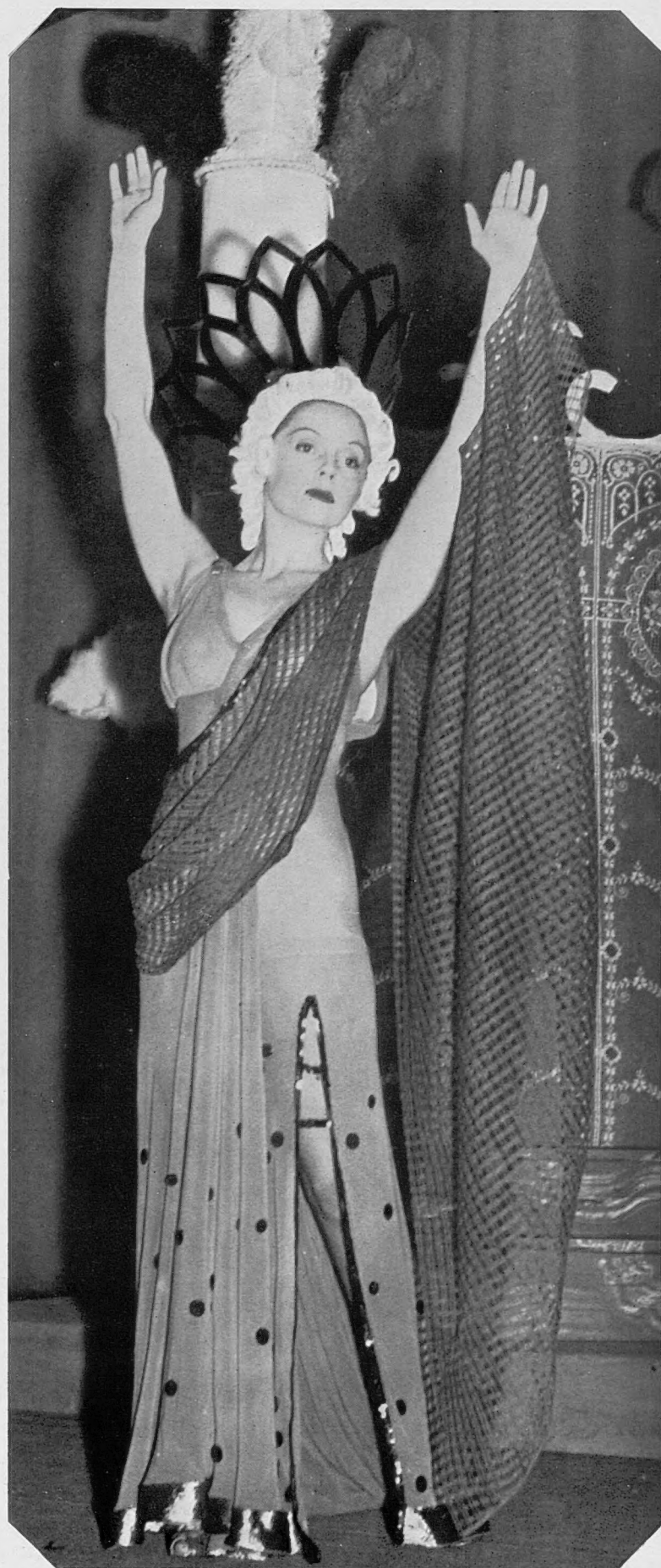


LADY VERONICA HORNBY AND MR. JOHN MUSKER AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS



THE MARQUIS JULIO DE ARMODIO AND THE PRINCESS NATASHA BAGRATION

London is not trying to keep its spirits up by the usually prescribed method because there is no necessity for it. The gobblings of Göbbels have had absolutely no effect, as perhaps these pictures taken at various fashionable night spots may indicate. Miss Moyra Scott, who is with an ensign in one of the regiments of the Brigade of Guards, is the younger of the two daughters of Lord Francis Scott, and is also it will be observed, serving her country. Lady Veronica Hornby is Lord Dufferin's only sister and the Princess Natasha Bagration is a cousin of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. Dorothy Hyson is leading with Charles Heslop in the new revue by Diana Morgan and Robert Macdermot (author of the witty *Gate Revue*) which reopens the Chantecleer Theatre in Clareville Street tonight



MISS DOROTHY HYSON IN "LET'S FACE IT," THE NEW CHANTECLEER REVUE

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

From Coniston to Kiel

RUSKIN, writing from his retreat at Coniston, said very rightly that the essence of good work is putting delight in the work in front of the money you get for doing it.

This at once puts me in a position of divided loyalty. For of all the world's great monitors my final allegiance has always been to Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Johnson said that nobody but a fool would write except for money. On this occasion, however, I think that Johnson must take second place. A man who goes to church is not going to be made better by the sermon if he thinks that the parson is worrying all the time about his stipend, or whether he can screw something more out of his wretched parishioners. A man who is consulting his lawyer about some intricate affair likes to think that the whole of that lawyer's mind is concentrated on how best he shall advise his client, and not on the client's six and eightpence. By the way, I should like to make the acquaintance of a lawyer whom one *can* consult for six and eightpence! The man who is suffering from jaundice likes to think that his doctor's mind is concentrating on his patient's yellowness and not on the yellowness of the patient's guineas. On the whole, I think that this rule of "work first, money second" is pretty sound. Work has often been declared to be a detestable thing, and it is no use pretending that it isn't. On the other hand, the detesting of labour makes that labour ten times more irksome. I believe that the great majority of workers have gradually come to realize this. I believe that the average house painter really concentrates upon his house painting and takes some pride in the look of a house after he has painted it. I believe that great actors enjoy painting their faces as a preliminary to enjoying the playing of their parts. I believe that a great portrait painter enjoys painting a great actor.

All this is a preliminary to praising the remarkable short film at the Leicester Square Theatre which is called *The City* and deals with London transport. This shows a man leaving his little suburban villa in the morning, and the difficulties he encounters on his daily way to work. It then goes on to show what London would have been like if Sir Christopher Wren had had his way. But, as we know, vested interests asserted themselves, and the busiest part of London continued to be largely composed of narrow winding streets. Millions of hours are wasted every year in the City because motor buses have to pass one another in streets barely wide enough for a couple of sedan chairs. From this consideration of our architectural folly, the film goes on to show us how we have made the best of things. Until I saw this documentary, I did not realize that the London Post Office has an underground railway of its own in which letters in conductorless trains take only ten minutes to make the journey from the East End of London to the West. This film is of the greatest interest, and it held its audience in rapt attention. It is wholly concerned with the *work* of transport, and the pleasure derived from coping with an extraordinarily difficult problem. And there isn't a word about the money to be made by getting people or parcels from one end of London to the other.

I should have deemed my evening worth while even if this film had not been followed by another longer and still finer instructional picture concerned with the wonderful work now being accomplished by the Royal Air Force. This is Mr. Alexander Korda's *The Lion Has Wings*. I admit to being a little perturbed when early on in this film I recognized Miss Merle Oberon. This is not because I do not admire that lady. I do. But I have a very firm conviction that films about war making should have no heroines. Love stories in war films always put me into a rage. Helen of Troy really began it all, for since that date no woman has been able to believe that a war can be fought round anything except a woman. For myself, I believe that the fiction of Helen was not invented until long after the Trojan War, and that the reason the Greeks went to Troy was because the plains thereof contained bitumen wells or something the Greeks wanted and hadn't got. That seems to me to be a much more credible reason for fighting than some story about the wife Paris got

and didn't want. Part of the enormous success of *Journey's End* was undoubtedly due to the fact that there were no women in it. Essentially, of course, that play was full of women, of mothers and wives, sisters and sweethearts. You were aware of their presence in the background of the action, just as they were—and are—in the background of every soldier's mind. But none of these were silly eruptions on the scene as they constantly are in war films. I seem to remember a film in which a young woman, commandeering a motor bicycle with sidecar, alighted therefrom in what was apparently a front-line trench, over the top of which she presently went to bring in from No Man's Land a handsome young officer who had spurned her at a dance. I remember innumerable films in which wives, wrongfully suspected by misogynistic husbands, have dressed as nurses, recovered those same husbands in water-logged shell holes, and relieved them simultaneously of suspicion and mud. I seem to remember a whole brigade of infantry moving up to the line with a wisp of French frailty in pursuit, anxious to identify her lover in order to tell him that she had unwittingly betrayed the brigade's movements to a German spy over an *estaminet* counter. I seem to remember thousands of legs and nothing but legs passing across the screen and presumably across the agonized vision of a young woman trying to recognize puttees. One reason why I like naval films is that nobody suggests the Battle of the Falkland Islands was won by Bette Davis or Joan Crawford.

I do not propose to tell my readers what is in *The Lion Has Wings* for the reason that this film does literally beggar description and must be seen. We behold the air force in every possible aspect, including current war scenes and a breath-taking account of the Kiel Raid. These things not only bring the heart into the mouth but keep it there. Here again the essence of the film is the flying man's love of his job. You are nowhere concerned with the relative rates of pay in the air force. Why? Because these airmen are not so concerned. The whole thing is superbly acted by a magnificent cast headed by Mr. Ralph Richardson. Miss Oberon does brilliantly, and Mr. Korda was wise to see that she does briefly also.

* * *

London Films *The Lion Has Wings* which opened at the Leicester Square Theatre last week, tells the story of how Great Britain gradually awoke to the menace of Hitlerism. The first episodes of the war are reconstructed, including actual shots of the daring raid on Kiel.



HEATHER ANGEL AND JOHN HOWARD
IN "BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE"

It will certainly comfort every one who has followed the adventures of Hugh Drummond, to know that on November 20, he is to be safely married to his devoted Phyllis. "Safely" is not perhaps the word, for the adventure with some very bad toughs which precedes the ceremony is full of hair-raising episodes. Go and see it!

THE ARMY SEES



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE AT THE SHOW



LORD STANLEY

"ME AND MY GIRL"



COLONEL W. S. PILCHER, D.S.O., AND MRS. PILCHER



MAJOR P. S. M. ELLISON GREETES MRS. J. R. ALLSOPP AND MRS. F. CARTERET-CAREY



LORD CARRINGTON



MR. AND MRS. H. LEGGE-BOURKE, MR. SOMERSET DE CHAIR, MRS. SOMERSET DE CHAIR AND MAJOR D. R. W. BURBURY

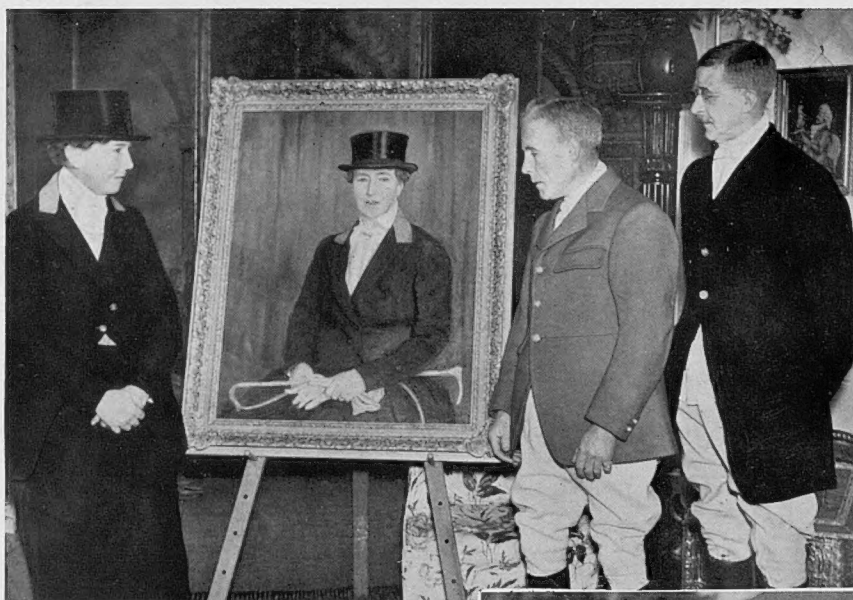
One of the many gay occasions which nowadays take place in connexion with the army "not far from somewhere," was a special performance of Lupino Lane's famous Lambeth Walk show, *Me and My Girl*, which has packed the Victoria Palace for countless moons, and set all Europe (and a good part of most other continents), dancing as they do Lambeth way. At the "somewhere near somewhere" performance there was a large, distinguished and of course, appreciative gathering of khaki. The Duke of Roxburghe came along with the duchess, who is the youngest daughter of Lord Crewe. Lord Stanley is grandson and heir to Lord Derby, who, as Director-General of Recruiting, introduced the famous Derby scheme to swell the ranks in the more haphazard days of the last war. Colonel Pilcher



MAJOR ABEL SMITH, MAJOR P. S. M. ELLISON, SURGEON-COLONEL ANDERSON AND LADY MAY ABEL SMITH

has a special interest in the circumstances surrounding the beginning of this war; for he went with the British Mission to Warsaw in 1920. Lord Carrington succeeded his father only last year. Mr. Somerset de Chair is the Member for South-West Norfolk, and is honorary secretary of that very exclusive political organization, the Chamberlain Club—named for Joseph, not the present Prime Minister—whose emblem is an orchid. He is also an author with two novels and a "political extravaganza" to his credit as well as serious political works. Major Abel Smith, who is related on his mother's side, to the Duke of Somerset, married Queen Mary's niece in 1931, after being for three years A.D.C. to Lady May's father, the Earl of Athlone, during the latter's term of office as Governor-General of South Africa

A further picture of this occasion will be found on page viii



POOLE, DUBLIN
A PRESENTATION TO THE
MASTER OF THE LOUTH HOUNDS

This presentation of a portrait of Mrs. R. A. B. Filgate was made to her husband, Captain R. A. B. Filgate, at the opening meet at Lisrenny, his house, in recognition of his long service as Master (since 1916) and of his having hunted these hounds for thirty seasons, twenty-three as Master and seven with his father-in-law, the late Mr. William Salis Filgate. Captain Filgate's name was originally Henry, but he changed it to his present one on the death of his father-in-law, Master of the Louth 1860-1916. The names, l. to r., in the picture, are Mrs. Filgate, Captain Filgate, and Colonel B. B. Booth who made the presentation

THE clown on the German radio that every one listens in to when they can't get a seat at the Palladium, had promised us a bombing display during the Newbury meeting. The thing was called off in the end to let Atout Maitre win the White Horse Plate as they have no quarrel with the French. What a good, game, genuine horse this is and it makes one wish more than ever that "Adolf" hadn't started his season till after the Leger. It has to be recorded with wonderment that it was fine at Newbury, and the meeting was the greatest fun. With the soldiers running all sorts of lunch rooms and dispensing the most lavish hospitality it was reminiscent of Punchestown before 1914-18 when every regiment in Ireland had its lunch room. Every known form of uniform was represented at Newbury from the kilt to battle dress. In the last war it was said that the navy was divided into two classes. The called-up amateurs all grew pointed beards, carried telescopes whenever possible and walked like they were on the bridge of a destroyer rounding the Horn. The professionals, whenever possible, wore boots and breeches, slapped their boots and walked bow-legged like they had just ridden from York to London. Boots and breeches now not being essential for the majority of army officers, rather the same thing happens. Gentlemen whose sturdy proportions would have made them automatic favourite for the caber tossing championship of any Highland regiment seize on the opportunity to wear things like a divided skirt thrust into the gaping maw of boots rather obviously made by the North Sea Trawler Supply Co., while those whose pipe-stem legs in happier times rendered Maxwell's job unskilled labour, wear baggy trousers and look as though tank ailments were their chief worry.

On the whole, favourites have been winning and generally at such long prices that backers of favourites would come out on the right side. Credit, it has been laid down, is the



HOWARD BARRETT
AT THE THIRSK RACES

A number of other people who were at Thirsk are in the page facing this one. Above are two visitors from the Rufford country, Mrs. Denison, wife of Captain W. Denison, and a daughter of Major W. E. Gatacre, a former Master of the South Shropshire, and Miss Barbara Warwick, daughter of Colonel Philip Warwick, who used to command the South Notts Hussars, and of Mrs. Philip Warwick

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

soul of finance and if racecourse betting comes under this heading it is for very many the life-blood and intestines as well. Any bookmaker would tell you the proportion of Monday settlers and yet with an admirable cold courage they seem even in these uncertain times to be betting on credit just as much as before. Newbury showed two nice two-year-olds. The chestnut filly, Hyperion-Pennycomequick, is a real wear-and-tear sort, strong enough behind the saddle for a shunting horse and with a beautiful action. I stand to be corrected in saying that she is rather plain in front of the saddle. Fred Darling's Silver Lace, out of that sweet mare Straitlace, did us all a good turn in the Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate without ever causing an uneasy moment. While

all this has been going on affairs of great moment have been taking place, some of them not without their tinge of humour. On my occasional visits to America it would have been impossible to have been more hospitably treated and received, but last December, just after Munich, there was a strong undercurrent of criticism of us which I think any other Englishman will endorse. Why didn't we fight? Was the Empire finished? and what they themselves would have done was nobody's business. A particularly gallant soldier friend of mine going on a holiday was asked by the custom's officer: "Running away—huh?" To which he replied: "Certainly, but if there is a war it won't take me two and a half years to get to it." Bearing in mind all this, one can understand the almost ugly rush to help in the cause of freedom and democracy which they didn't make. Even the repeal of the Neutrality Law has given a large number the jitters, and those who laugh at our propaganda cannot get over the insistent repetition every day in our papers that there was a £90,000,000 order for aeroplanes when permissible. I don't think I am giving away any secrets when I say that some very close relatives of the President himself are fighting in combatant units for us, and I'd hate to be up against Billy Fiske in a "Spitfire."

Meanwhile, with the lack of news and action, the whole of Britain is worked to death or bored black. I have suggested to the Editor starting a personal column on the lines of *La Vie Parisienne* in the last war when, if you remember, in the advertisements used to appear: *Trois jeunes Aviateurs morts de cafard desirant mairaines jeunes jolies, spirituelles*. I don't know how it worked out in the ordinary way but one officer of ours who inserted an ad. and got a reply was met at the station in Paris by a lady who would have been pensioned by "Universal Aunts" just after the Crimea. His visit to the Louvre and the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles with this homely creature led him, on comparing notes with the junior subaltern who had been to London and found an entirely extempore *mairaine* at the Ritz, to believe that French women, as regards being *spirituelles*, were ten pounds and a beating behind the English. Those with *cafard* should not delay in sending in their ads., accompanied by a nominal registration fee of a tanner and a plain addressed envelope, direct to me.

WHO WAS WHO

AT THIRSK RACES



LADY ZETLAND, LADY GRIMTHORPE, AND HER SON, THE HON. CHRISTOPHER BECKETT



MR. PAT AND LADY ALEXANDRA BEASLEY



MAJOR AND MRS. GORDON FOSTER, AND COLONEL KIRBY (A STEWARD)



CAPTAIN AND LADY LAVINIA ROGERSON
ADVANCING TO THE FRAY



CAPTAIN RILEY LORD
AND MISS RILEY LORD



LORD AND LADY FEVERSHAM, MAJOR
GORDON FOSTER, AND LORD GRIMTHORPE

As was only to be expected, the gallery at Thirsk was strongly impregnated by hunting folk, principally Sinnington, Middleton, and Zetland. Major Gordon Foster, who married a daughter of the late Brigadier-General the Hon. Everard Baring and Lady Ulrica Baring, who was a daughter of the first Lord Feversham, represented famous Sinningtonites, as also did Lord Feversham, as they were both former Masters; and Lord Grimthorpe is senior Master of the Middleton, his partner being the Hon. Charles Wood. Lady Feversham is the Hon. Charles Wood's sister. Lord Grimthorpe's son and heir rejoined his regiment, a mechanised cavalry one, immediately on the outbreak. Lady Zetland's second daughter and husband, Captain J. C. Rogerson, are in one of the pictures at the bottom. Pat Beasley had the ride on Colonel Darley's "Triskelles" in the Holmes Maiden Plate. The owner is a descendant of the man who imported the Darley Arabian. The horse's portrait hangs at Aldby. Lady Alexandra Beasley is a sister of Lord Wilton, and Captain Riley Lord, seen with daughter, is in happier times a pillar of the polo at Toulston

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Mrs. Fitzherbert.

I KNOW no other historical building so devoid of historical atmosphere as Mrs. Fitzherbert's house at Brighton. Dreaming before most old houses where life has been exciting and dramatic, I can visualise by dint of imagination a picture or a series of pictures. Before Mrs. Fitzherbert's Brighton home I can visualise nothing; except exactly what it now is—the local headquarters of the Y.M.C.A.; an uninteresting house, with nice, large, healthy windows. The house next door, now offices, has a more picturesque aspect. The Brighton Pavilion, once ridiculed, has now a kind of exotic beauty, and exhibits, so to speak, its social history as definitely as do parts of lovely Bath. But Mrs. Fitzherbert's old home is—just dull and, try as I will, I cannot imagine that it ever looked otherwise.

Not so the story which was related within its walls! As anybody who reads Mr. Shane Leslie's brilliant new life of "Mrs. Fitzherbert" (Burns Oates; 15s.) will realise once again. In her way Maria Fitzherbert was a very remarkable woman. She brought honour into an existence which, at the time, was surrounded by little except mystery and scandal. By nature she was surely not intended to play the notorious part which fate gave her to enact. She was a quiet, domesticated woman who most certainly ought to have had a large family and lived a comfortable, secluded life with a husband who loved her in his way, and that way completely trustful and humdrum. She would have made a model wife and mother and the perfect Lady Bountiful of a large country estate. As her destiny turned out, however, her first two husbands died, leaving her still a very young woman, childless and with no domestic roots other than those which her fancy planted. Then, while living in Richmond, she attracted the notice of King George IV., then, of course, Prince of Wales. The rest is historical—including that secret marriage which, though guessed at even during her life, was never, until a comparatively few years ago, publicly proclaimed.

The Prince was an ardent and loquacious lover. In this book there is printed surely the longest love-letter ever written, even by a man who pretended to commit suicide in order to break down his beloved's resistance—and these men can always be relied upon to write and talk a great deal, especially if they have no real intention of committing *felo-de-se*. However, the two combined broke down Mrs. Fitzherbert's resistance. She would never become his mistress, but as wife, albeit unacknowledged, she would consent to be his. Yet even as wife the difficulties were so insurmountable that the fact had to be confessed only at the peril of those who knew the facts. Mrs. Fitzherbert was Roman Catholic, for one thing, and these were the days when Roman Catholicism near the English Throne was a political, as well as a religious issue.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Fitzherbert was everywhere given the social respect due to the second lady in the land. Her tragedy lay in the fact that she was infinitely too honest and moral a woman for that, under the circumstances, invidious position. The world gave her the benefit of the doubt, however, and it was not until her lover married Princess Caroline, of unlovely life and memory, that, in spite of herself, in spite of all that had happened, she had perforce to pretend to the rôle of ex-mistress. Yet she never complained. Although she held all the trump-cards she never played them. Unique among royal favourites almost, she never feathered her own nest. A nest she demanded justly as her right, but the feathers were to come only by favour. It is one of the happier sides of this love-affair, in which the royal lover played so ignoble a part, that Mrs. Fitzherbert was never left in poverty. On the contrary, King George begged his

family to continue her allowance should he predecease her. Beneath all his infidelity and neglect he realised, perhaps, that she was the one good influence in his life—as indeed she was. He was buried with a miniature of her strung round his neck. And yet there had been times when they had passed each other on the stairs, cutting each other dead.

Poor Mrs. Fitzherbert! She was a woman of deep though tranquil affections, and yet wherever she found love she also found agony of mind.

The possible loss of her adopted daughter, the enchanting Minney Seymour, was for years a perpetual anxiety. Minney's family claimed her. She was not Mrs. Fitzherbert's charge by any legal right. Yet she loved the child deeply and perhaps instinctively; she realised that their mutual affection for Minney was the only link which still held her royal lover to herself and her establishment. There was a protracted lawsuit, the outcome of which gave Mrs. Fitzherbert the custody of Minney, yet, incidentally, gave her husband to the notorious Lady Hertford. After which the breach between them widened quickly. Mrs. Fitzherbert's social position now became extremely difficult. She was always the centre of a warring clique, yet never its instigator. It says much for her honesty and dignity that even in her eclipse the Royal Family, apart from the faithless George, were always her closest and staunchest friends. Minney's falling in love with the penniless George Dawson was another anxiety at one time; although after Minney's marriage she looked upon him as a beloved son. Then there was the lovely Marianne Smythe, presumed to be her niece, but whom Mr. Leslie strongly suspects was her own daughter by the Prince. These three filled her life after she had begun to live in comparative retirement in Brighton.

And how brilliantly the social scene is re-set for us in this delightful life! Its charm, its elegance; shot through with unhumorous horse-play. "Light-heartedness amongst the great is always pleasing," Mr. Leslie writes, after describing an incident at Windsor, during the absence of the Royal Family, when Miss Pigot, Mrs. Fitzherbert's friend, after expressing a desire for a bathe, was pushed into the lake, and the

(Continued on page 182.)



Bassano

MISS DIANA SHANKS

It is understood that Miss Shanks's engagement to Mr. John Martens, elder son of the late Mr. E. C. Martens and of Mrs. Martens, of Rotherby, Leicestershire, will shortly be announced. Miss Shanks is the elder daughter of Mrs. Edward Shanks, of 3, Trevor Street, Knightsbridge, and her stepfather is Mr. Edward Shanks, the distinguished author and poet, who, amongst many other literary activities, weekly racks the nation's brains with his recondite problems in general knowledge



Elliott and Fry

GILBERT FRANKAU

The well-known author, who joined up with the East Surreys in 1914 and later saw service with the R.F.A. before going as a staff captain to Italy on special duty, is now in the R.A.F., with the rank of Flying Officer. His last book, "Royal Regiment," was a romance with a background, as the title suggests, of the story of the Royal Artillery

BACK TO THE BIKE



LORD AND LADY ELTON AND FAMILY
ON "CASTORS"



LORD PHILLIMORE AWHEEL
IN OXFORD CITY

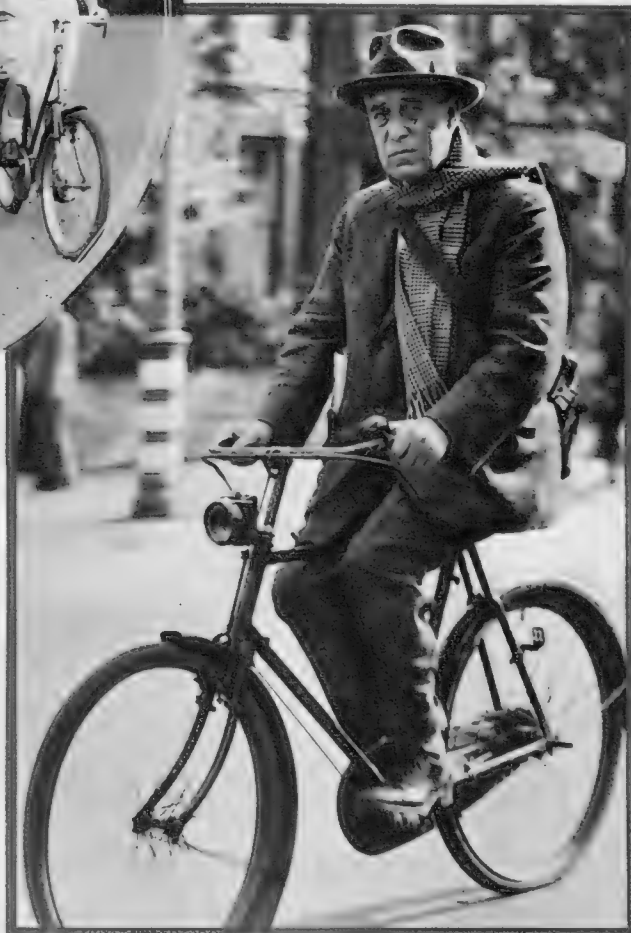


ALFRED DRAYTON PRESERVES
ROBERTSON HARE'S BALANCE



Photos.: Johnson, Oxford
LADY HARCOURT WITH DAUGHTERS
ANNE AND PENELOPE

Although Oxford is famed for the manufacture of motor-cars, it is, like its sister, Cambridge, famed also for its use of bicycles. And now, with petrol-ràtioning in full blast, Oxford takes the lead in the nation-wide revival of the velocipede. Lord Elton is a Fellow of Queen's and a most pleasant broadcaster; Lord Phillimore served through the last scrap in the Highland Light Infantry; Lady Harcourt is a sister of Lord Ebury; her daughters, shown in the picture, have a youngest sister, Virginia, born in 1937. Captain Arbuthnot had a distinguished career in the Senior Service before becoming Chief Constable of Oxfordshire in 1921, and was in the battles of Heligoland Bight and the Dogger Bank. That irrepressible pair, Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare, have been touring in their new farce, *Spotted Dick*, which came on in London just before the war



CAPTAIN E. K. ARBUTHNOT, D.S.O.,
CHIEF CONSTABLE OF OXFORDSHIRE

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Duchess of Cumberland had to throw out a life-line to save her. Whereupon Mrs. Fitzherbert went into convulsion fits and the Duchess fainted away. However, they afterwards pushed in one of the Prince's attendants, so the joke was on both parties! Nevertheless, it will be the remarkably interesting character-study of Maria Fitzherbert, her extraordinary life-story and the times in which she lived, which will surely make this one of the most popular books of the season. Also the co-study of King George IV., who, without being whitewashed, is nevertheless painted in fewer ugly colours. Undoubtedly he had a generous side and a kindly side, and the nation owed him much, in spite of his contemptible reputation. Mrs. Fitzherbert was about the only good influence upon his life, and he was always surrounded by bad ones—invariably the more potent in anybody's life, if time and opportunity permit.

A Moving Story of Obscure Courage.

Courage is a queer, unaccountable quality. One so seldom knows if one may possess it until the test is over; when, often, nobody is more surprised than oneself. Essentially it is a modest thing and the greatest of it goes unrecognised and is content thus to be ignored. In its most tremendous aspect it is never a momentary drama. It is a long, dragged-out affair, often requiring years of initiation. Often, too, it is the outcome of fear. Its easier side is the sudden victory. Its most difficult the long-drawn-out conflict against soul-deadening odds. The kind of conflict which very few people ever realise until it suddenly shines forth into something which becomes news. Yet the most difficult kind of courage is the courage which is never news. And almost invariably it is hidden behind a face perpetually smiling. A smile is its only secret defence. It is too delicate a virtue ever willingly to meet the light of day or to flaunt its quality.

Karel Capek's novel, "The First Rescue Party" (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.), is a terribly moving study of such courage. It centres around an explosion in a coal-mine. The explosion, however, is the least of the dramas. The real drama concerns the psychological reaction to it by the voluntary members of the first rescue party. Yet it is all related so quietly, so without any straining of dramatic effect, that it is a thousand times more haunting and moving than if the picture had been painted in the primary colours of journalism. Its very matter-of-factness makes it all the more beautiful, all the more emotionally stirring.

We follow the story, so to speak, through the eyes and imagination of the youngest member of the party. A physically weak youth who ought to have been a student rather than a miner. Everything which happens is a new experience to him and, as such, is a revelation. Especially in the sudden understanding of the nature and character of the other men whom he had regarded until the calamity occurred as ordinary, rough, good-natured individuals, of whose private life he neither knew nor cared much about. Yet as he lives with them through the terrible ordeal he gets to understand them and to realise that each is a separate individual, with his own tragedy and happiness, his own strength and weakness, his

own domestic and emotional life; though each forgets, so to speak, this life, these hopes, in the quiet determination of the spirit to rescue at all costs his three comrades who are imprisoned below the ground.

The account of the rescue is at once so quietly related yet so terribly vivid that the story becomes one you will never likely forget. The rescue fails, but the unrealised bravery which tried in vain to frustrate that failure belongs to that courage beside which courage on the battlefield must surely pale, since it is the courage which is forced to act in cold blood, with nothing to spur it on except a divine sense of pity and that driving force of duty which no man can explain even to himself—explain it, or avoid it, when the test of his moral strength suddenly comes upon him. This

story is the epic story of a miner's life. It is a story, enacted in every mine sooner or later. It makes one realise, as the youth who goes through it all in the story realised at last, that the truest courage is the courage which is unconscious of itself and stands to win no crown. But its fellow-comradeship is the loveliest comradeship in all life. This is a grim, powerfully written, yet very lovely book.

Entertaining Short Stories.

"Love Has No Resurrection" (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), Miss E. M. Delafield's new collection of short stories, may not show her at her best, but as she seems quite incapable of writing anything which is not worth reading, they make pleasant entertainment. The story which gives the book its title is the brief but acute study of a highly-strung woman who fondly imagines that by making magnificent self-sacrifices and making them out loud, so to speak, she will regain the lost affection of her lover. She doesn't, of course. She has become a bore. There is no resurrection of anything when once that *fait accompli* has been established. Something of her ultra-possessive temperament, her unconscious egoism, is repeated in the story called "Mothers Don't Know Everything." Here a prim, churchily religious woman drives her

husband away through her lack of common human understanding and the boringly persistent implication of for ever pointing upward. Left with her child, a little boy, she follows the same tactics, which are illustrated by one dreadful day at the seaside. But all the stories are readable, and for odd ten-minutes should provide very many short periods of pleasant escape.

FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS.

- Life and Letters of Sir Austen Chamberlain. By Sir Charles Petrie. (Cassell.)
 Sixteen Days. By Hans Habe. (Harrap.)
 Friends in Aspic. By Ian Coster. (John Miles.)
 No Arms, No Armour. By R. D. Q. Henriques. (Nicholson and Watson.)
 Happy Christmas. By Joan Butler. (Stanley Paul.)
 Wild Chorus. By Peter Scott. ("Country Life.")
 The Amazing Theatre. By James Agate. (Harrap.)
 Murder Abroad. By E. R. Punshon. (Gollancz.)
 What Immortal Hand. By James Curtis. (Nicholson and Watson.)



"Are you going out East in the Tropics, sir?"
 "Gad! no. Going up West in the Black-out"

ARMY UNITS: No. 5



THE NTH BATTALION LONDON IRISH RIFLES—BY "MEL"

Even if a mere Sassenach had never heard of a caubeen or a bit of blackthorn, the thing of which a shillelagh is made, he might gather that this was an Irish unit if he saw it go swinging past him headed by pipers who certainly are not Scottish and prefer a saffron kilt to the finest tartan ever woven. They are what was formerly the Territorial Battalion of the Royal Ulster Rifles, but there are no longer any Terriers and the whole lot are regulars. They still preserve their individuality, none the less. The C.O. has been Member for Chelmsford since 1935 and joined the London Irish Rifles a year earlier. Before that he had been a Royal Fusilier and put in most of his service in India. Lord Stopford, one of their Majors, is Lord Courtown's son and heir, and has had very rapid promotion. Count De La Poer is Lord Le Poer and Coroghmore, Count of the Papal States, the Barony having been under attaint on account of the so-called rebellion of 1688

NEXT WEEK: NTH BATTALION, ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT.



SOME OF "THE WRENS" OFF PARADE

The actual spot at which this concentration took place is not mentionable, and it is not even permitted to say whether it was a fine day or otherwise! However, war is war, and the Women's Royal Naval Service is now up to strength and in as fine trim as it was Last Time, and includes the wives, daughters, sisters, cousins and aunts of officers in the Senior Service, including a daughter of the First Lord

The names in the picture are: (l. to r.) Mrs. Douglas Bate, a daughter of Admiral Sir Percy Douglas; Mrs. Laybourne, wife of Paymaster-Commander A. W. Laybourne; Mrs. E. Arnold, a First Officer W.R.N.S.; Mrs. Duncan Sandys, a daughter of the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill; Miss J. Hardy, Mrs. Gritten, and Mrs. Woodhouse, wife of Paymaster-Captain H. R. M. Woodhouse

AS a great many people who are so engaging as to read this paper have had experiences of savage warfare, it may be apposite to recent *Blitzkrieg* ebullitions, to recall to their recollection that a much-favoured method of frightfulness with the foe has been to assemble stealthily by night outside the perimeter of defence and make noises meant to reproduce the roaring and snarling of the King Beasts of the forest. Sometimes the vocalists have been very inadequate performers, and, whilst intending to convey the roaring of lions and tigers, have only succeeded in giving first-class reproductions of the yowling of jackals and the sniggering of that equally uncleanly scavenger, the hyæna. I leave

it to the discernment of those who may happen to have first-class knowledge of this sort of thing to decide which some recent efforts by a scared-stiff propagandist most nearly resemble. Personally, I have no doubt at all about the verdict.

* * *

A well-meaning mentor spoke to us over the wireless the other evening, giving us some hints as to the kind of books he thought that it would be best for us to read in this somewhat trying period, and suggested that the best were those which approached the present problem obliquely, rather than those more technical ones which do so directly. I am sure that he was right so far as most people are concerned, and I make

Another book which I have re-read, and I expect hosts of other people will, is Sir George Aston's "Secret Service," re-published by Faber's. The spy, even in fiction, makes everyone sit up and take notice: but these stories are all about the real article as Sir George knew him when he held high office in the last war in the Secretariat of the War Cabinet, and was very intimately connected with the Secret Service. At the moment, according to information, the most bored people who have anything to do with the war are the chaps whose job it is to catch spies. The moment the balloon went up, 6000 of both sexes were softly and silently gathered in, and some may never be heard of again. I understand that they had all been earmarked for a long time before. It is certain that more will be caught in due course, both here and elsewhere, but at the moment the supply seems to have petered out. "Enemy agent" is the correct rating. This covers the real thing, who, unhappily, is not invariably an alien.

* * *

Something more that I have been re-reading, because I thought it might be a bit apposite, is my file of *The Wipers Times*, which was originated by the 24th Division in the last war and edited by a literary giant in the Sherwood Foresters, my old pal Lt.-Colonel F. J. Roberts. I had the honour to be more or less demi-semi-officially connected with that paper, and my affection for it has not yet worn thin. I am sure if this war

Pictures in the Fire

By

"SABRETACHE"

so bold as to supplement some of his suggestions. The "Maximes Morales" of De La Rochefoucauld, "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyâm, the tent-maker, the Book of Proverbs, in spite of what Jim the Nigger in "Huckleberry Finn" said about the author not being wise at all, because he had all those wives, are calculated to have a steady effect. Jim, it may be recalled, asserted that if Solomon had been as wise as he was supposed to have been, he would have "built a biler factory so he could shet down all the blim-blamin' when he wanted to." There is one other I would suggest—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Her philosophy teaches us all a lesson. Her pluck is of the kind that deserves the V.C.

* * *



LORD AND LADY NORMANTON
"SOMEWHERE IN LONDON"

The place is of no military importance, but the food always excellent. Lord Normanton is in the Household Cavalry, and Lady Normanton is the only daughter of Sir Frederick Frankland and Lady Zouche



AT POWERSTOWN RACES "SOMEWHERE IN EIRE"

Germany not having declared war on Eire, it is permissible to say that the actual spot was Clonmel. Mrs. K. Gethin is with Lady Patricia Miller, who is an aunt of the Marquess of Waterford

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Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

THE PRINCESS GUGLIELMO ROSPIGLIOSI-PALLAVICINI

The former Hon. Helen Acton, the third eldest sister of the present Lord Acton, was married in 1933. The Prince Guglielmo Rospigliosi-Pallavicini is in the Italian Ministry of Popular Culture and does many of the broadcasts in English from Rome. There are three children of the marriage—the Prince Ludovico, who was born in 1934; the Princess Jeanne Maria Annunziata Carolina, born in 1935; and a baby son born last year. Their town house is in the Via Bruxelles in Rome, and the Prince has also a charming villa at Thiene, Vicenza

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER—There are so many things one would like to write about, but in order to keep on the right side of the Knight (should one spell it without a "k"?) of the Blue Pencil, it is wisest to restrict oneself to the weather (vile), fashions for females (pants or no pants for war job—if you know what I mean), and food (always a pleasant subject!). So let's start with food: Paris caters perfectly, as always, for her visitors and inhabitants, from the new "Station Canteen for Soldiers" at the Gare de l'Est, where the eats are worthy of the Ritz at the cost of about sixpence, to the Ritz, where the *beau monde* still foregathers to nibble its oysters, sip its cocktails, and help along the good work of "livin' decent," *en passant* by the innumerable little bars and publets which, after dark (and the days *are* drawing in, are not they, sweetheart?), take on a mysterious, and therefore thrillingly illicit, air by reason of the lighting restrictions.

A popular *bôite* is Luigi's in the Rue du Colisée. People are dining earlier at present and, at eight o'clock, when I turned up with a girl friend the other evening, we had to wait a bit for a table. However, she being one of the streamline type and I having lost a cuppla stones in a cuppla months (I'm having new garments made with the material that has been taken out of the old ones), we were soon sandwiched between von Stroheim's table and Maurice Chevalier's. I believe that Stroheim is now in the American citizen category, but he started out from Mittel Europa in his infancy. Shows how things have changed. In that Other War what a schlemozzle there would have been if a German or Austrian-born shorn-head had turned up in a smart restaurant! This time nobody bothered about him except the autograph collectors, of whom there were the usual few. Maurice, of course, was mobbed. We also demanded songs—but didn't get 'em. Maurice is saving his public appearances for the soldiers. He has cancelled the South African tour that was booked for this autumn, and is turning a deaf eye and a blind ear to the many propositions that are being made him from neutrals and you-all. He is holding himself ready to go cheer up the *poilus* and Tommies at the front just so soon as the authorities say the word. Wise from his own experience in the Other War, when he was prisoner for twenty-six months in a German camp, with a shell-splinter in his left lung—it's still there, by the way—he knows the helping value of a sing-song. Meanwhile, the authorities, being mostly elderly, hard of hearing, pot-bellied, and—[Censored by the EDITOR].

At lunch-time I have a great weakness for Chez Simonian's, that delightful little Russian (whiter than snow is its political colour) restaurant near the Place de l'Alma. It is the *rendez-vous* of the members of the near-by Polish Legation, and mine host extends a welcoming hand—to say nothing of many luscious dishes—to an endless stream of Polish lads who are joining up in Paris from all over France. Lots of British and American visitors go there, too. Noel Coward, the Duke and his Duchess, and a certain young Attaché who has a roving eye for beauty. He is often served by Nona, blonde, slim, and utterly lovely, who was, till recently, one of Lanvin's mannequins. On the walls of the main room are paintings depicting scenes of Caucasian life—M. Simonian comes from Tiflis—and one of them shows a life-size portrait of Prince Gogu C—, a well-known amateur dancer who is said to be *la coqueluche* of the Lovelies, though heaven knows what whooping-cough has to do with it!

Such a lot of weddings lately. The Theatre and Army have been getting together most officially. Lucienne Boyer and Pills (I've forgotten his Christian name) can now murmur to each

other, "Talk to me of love" without a qualm—or rather, they could before Pills went back to that old "Somewhere" we hear so much (or so little?) about. Elvire Popesco has *convolèd* with Baron Foy, and Corp'ral Dadio, who used to be Jany Holt's better half, has got himself a new spouse too. Most of the French film stars that you have seen on the screen in London are now in uniform. Dadio, just mentioned, and "Captain" Pierre Fresnay, who with Stroheim and Jean Gabin, were in *La Grande Illusion*, are in the front lines. Fresnay is with the Zouaves, and very popular with his men, although he is a bit of a martinet. When he is away from Yvonne Prin-temps, who, in ordinary times, rules the roast, he lets fly!

Jean Gabin is a *col bleu* (a blue collar), or, if you prefer, "in the Navy." Young Jean Chevrier, who was in *Trois de St. Cyr*, is a simple sodger.



GERMAINE AUSSEY, RED CROSS NURSE

The well-known French film-star is taking an active part in the work of *Défense Passive* and is focussing her energies on the Red Cross



FRANÇOISE ROSAY ALSO SIGNS ON

Another film celebrity, who is as famous in England as she is in her own country, seen signing on as a motor-driver in the Paris A.R.P. system. One of Françoise Rosay's most recent and outstanding cinema successes was in the French circus film *Les Gens du Voyage*, in which she played the part of a lady who tamed lions!

Georges Carpentier is a "sarge," same like he was twenty years ago, at an aviation base. He is one of the rare men of his generation who can still climb into their old uniforms. No middle-aged "spread" about Georges. Albert Préjean holds the rank of Lieutenant, and is at the front. So are Georges Grey, who was Cécile Sorel's partner; Jo Bouillon, the jazz conductor; Pierre Juvenet, who played opposite Elisabeth Bergner in that none-too-good film in which she was both twins-of-a-pair; and the tenor, José Janson.

You have probably read of Polaire's passing. Poor Polaire, who was once such a fine little actress but who was unable to adapt herself to post-other-war conditions. Two years ago she tried to end her days. When her friends tried to reason with her, her reply was tragically brief: "Why go on living", she said, "when one has ceased to exist?"—PRISCILLA.



THE BROODING SPIRIT OF THE WOOD

Fred. Daniels

*" Scarce dare we move, lest we should shake her mood,
In these wide silences of pool and rush;
Or vex the brooding spirit of the wood,
Voiced by its dove, where else the land were hush."*

(ELINOR SWEETMAN)

A PANORAMA OF SOME FILMS



PAULETTE DUBOST, WHO IS BUSY WORKING ON
THE RENOIR FILM, "LA RÈGLE DU JEU"

The other star in Jean Renoir's new film is the Princess Rüdiger von Starhemberg, whose stage name in what was Austria was Nora Gregor. It seems somewhat appropriate that she should be in *La Règle du Jeu* for she must wonder whether there is such a thing. Paulette Dubost is as attractive to gaze upon as she is talented. As we are continuing to make films in spite of the war, our Allies presumably find that they also can do it, and this new film will no doubt in due course arrive both in its own land and in ours, where French-made pictures have had such success



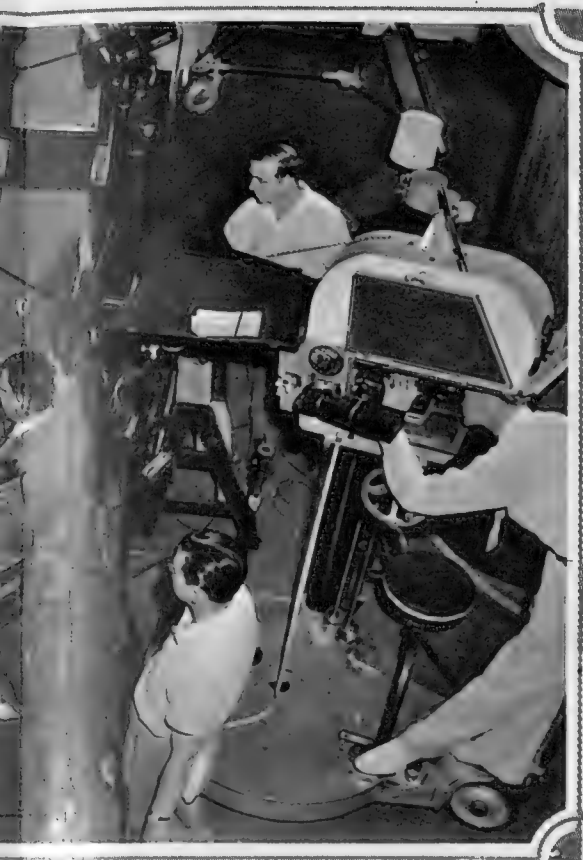
ILONA MASSEY'S LAST STEP



ILONA MASSEY WITH
HARRY EDWARD, "PROP" MAN

These three pictures give those who are not of what the star has to go through before she passed for further operations. When Ilona possessed of a voice that would charm a man (and M.-G.-M.) from the Continent the "Hello!" and "scrambled eggs." They have they severely reduced her weight and ha

IN THE MAKING, AND ALREADY MADE



TO STARDOM: A SCREEN TEST



THE FINAL MOMENT: "CAMERA!"
ILONA WALKS TOWARDS IT.

not in the business of the film world an idea
ore she is "through" her test and considered
Ilona Massey, who is blonde and beautiful and
a bird off a tree, first came to Hollywood
the only words of English she knew were
ey taught her English; they made her act, and
have now made her what we all know she is



WILLIAM POWELL AND MYRNA LOY TOGETHER AGAIN
IN "ANOTHER THIN MAN"

Let us hope that the title of this new picture does not fit William Powell too literally, for, as the film world knows to its sorrow, he has been very seriously ill, and this was his first picture for eighteen months. Myrna Loy very rightly gave him a welcome-back kiss. *Another Thin Man* is another adventure of that most intriguing detective, Nick Charles, and his delightful wife, Nora—and this time they introduce Nick Minor, their child, into the story, and the part is played by eight-months-old William Anthony Poulsen



MUSIC AT NIGHT:
Mr. Priestley Invents His Own Audience

ACTING the musicians top left are Stephen Murray and Robert Harris. Listening, top centre to bottom right, are Milton Rosmer as a millionaire with a messy past; Lydia Sherwood as a Lady Sybil who does things for lots of money; Jean Cadell as a hostess yearning over music and a lost son; Mark Dignam as a charming, decrepit Cabinet Minister who has understood nothing much since 1914; Michael Denison as one of those Oxfordian neo-Realist-post-Romantic Communistic young poets of sorts; Jenny Laird as a nice, eager girl; Catherine Lacey as a nice, eager wife; and Richard Littledale as a chromo-plated

newspaper-columnist who can never forget that he once stole the life-savings of his poor but upright mother.

The play, J. B. Priestley's *Music at Night*, at the Westminster Theatre, displays the personal little worlds released in a concert audience when music drowns thought in secret memory. The listeners dive down among the dead men and women they formerly were; and these conjure up ghosts of real dead 'uns. A stimulating, dramatic "stunt" with moments of beauty; but Mr. Priestley's choice of people suggests that he doesn't think much of his fellow-humans. All the above bar one act excellently. So, does Marie Ault.—A. B.

"SOFT MANHATTAN

EVENINGS FALL"



MISS GLORIA SWANSON DANCING
WITH MR. HARRY EVANS



NEWLY-WED MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR
PONSONBY AT CIRO'S



MRS. W. R. HEARST WITH MAJOR ERIC LODER
AT THE IRIDIUM ROOM



THE ARCHDUKE AND ARCHDUCHESS FRANZ-JOSEPH
OF HABSBURG



MR. GERALD BROCKHURST WITH
MISS DORETTE WOODWARD



MR. AND MRS. RAYMOND MASSEY STUDY
THE WAR NEWS

New York in summer has been well called the "City of Dreadful Heat," and wise New Yorkers flee the sun-scorched skyscrapers and sidewalks. But now in October, in the in-between time before the full cold of the winter sets in, Manhattan Island is the centre of no mean gaiety. Among the livelier of the evening spots the Iridium Room at the St. Regis has reopened and nightly welcomes a distinguished throng. New York's new Ciro's is also proving popular, and among the people seen by the photographer at these two places was Miss Gloria Swanson, of world-renowned film fame, who in private life is the Marquise de la Falaise, dancing at Ciro's with Mr. Harry Evans. Others at Ciro's included Spencer Tracy, whose film *Stanley and Livingstone* is having such a success in London at present; Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, a nephew of the Earl of Bessborough, with his wife, who was until recently Miss Patricia Minnigerode; and T.I.H. the Archduke and Archduchess Franz-Joseph of Habsburg. The Archduke is now a naturalised Spaniard. The paper which Mr. Raymond Massey, whose brother, Mr. Vincent Massey, is High Commissioner for Canada in London, is reading seems to show that something besides German propaganda gets across the Atlantic



SPENCER TRACY, MISS CONSUELA VILLA,
AND MR. T. DURANT

CESAREWITCH DAY AT THE CURRAGH



SIR JOHN AND LADY MAFFEY AT
THEIR FIRST IRISH MEETING



LADY TALBOT DE MALAHIDE LEADS IN
THE WINNER, "BEARER BOND"
(RIGHT) LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE



LADY GOULDING TALKING TO
MR. BARRY LILLIS



MAJOR DERMOT McCALMONT, M.F.H.,
AND MRS. MITCHELL



LORD GLENTORAN AND HIS JOCKEY,
R. CARTWRIGHT



THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD
AND MISS FREIDA KEANE

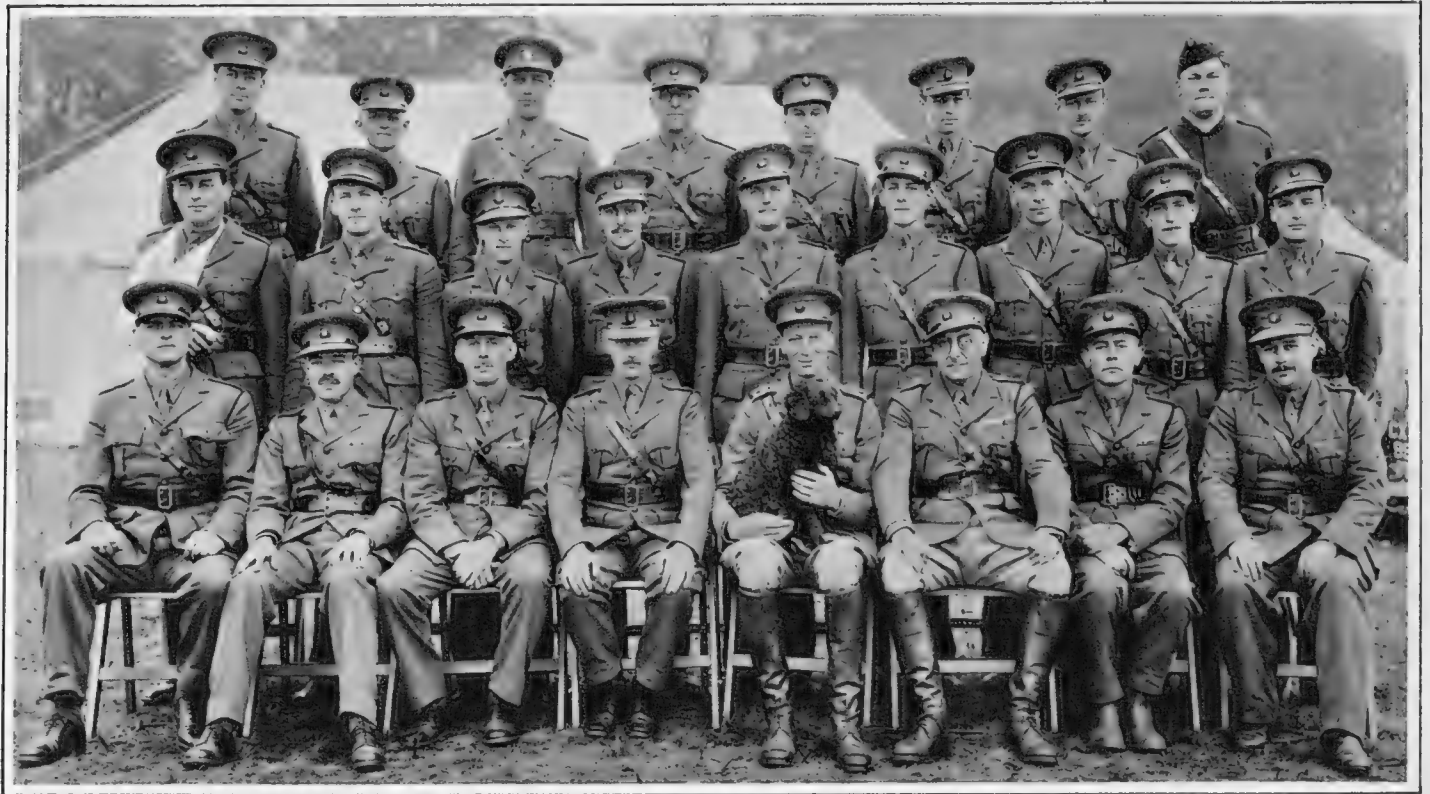
Photos. : Poole, Dublin

The Hereditary Lord Admiral of Malahide and the Seas Adjoining—for that is the owner's title—brought off a very comfortable win in the Irish Cesarewitch with his "Bearer Bond," and it at the same time gave Joe Canty his Irish autumn double, as he won the Irish Cambridgeshire at the immediately previous meeting on "Overall." The favourite in the long dart, "Durbar," was not in the first six—a sad story, for he was backed down to 5 to 2. Everyone, apparently, was there, notable amongst them the former Governor of the Sudan, and present British representative in Eire, Sir John Maffey. It was his first Irish meeting, and as he backed a 20-to-1 winner in "Antrim," he probably will not make it his last. Lady Goulding is a daughter of Sir Walter Monckton, whose job over here is to deter war indiscretion. Major Dermot McCalmont, the famous Master and huntsman of the Kilkenny, needs no introduction; and Mrs. Mitchell, who is with him, is the wife of Major Mitchell, a former Joint-Master of the Kildare. Lord Glentoran had a runner in the Beresford Stakes, but unfortunately it did not connect

ALEXANDRA
DANILOVA
AND RAMON
JASINSKY
IN THE
"FRANCESCA
DA RIMINI"
BALLET

One of the many beautiful pictures by Gordon Anthony which are included in his collection of Ballet celebrities in his book "Russian Ballet," which has just been published by Geoffrey Bles, Ltd. Gordon Anthony dedicates his book to Michel Fokine, and very justly, for it was to his guidance and tuition that so many of the fine artistes of the Russian Ballet owed their eventual success. The author says that the world of the Ballet as we know it to-day owes Fokine as big a debt as it does to Noverre and Petipa in bygone eras. In a most interesting Foreword, Mr. Arnold Haskell also pays tribute to Fokine, and says that he is the man whose work has been the corner-stone of the education of every ballet dancer of this century. Fokine produced thirteen ballets for the Diaghileff company between 1909 and 1914, and of those thirteen ten have been revived by modern companies and nine are in the regular repertoire of the Russian Ballet. Alexandra Danilova was Diaghileff's last ballerina, and Jasinsky has in recent years created one unforgettable character, the Mandarin, in *L'Épreuve d'Amour*





QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES: A RECENT OFFICERS' GROUP

In the days when there was a Territorial Army this unit was, like the Rangers and the Queen's Westminsters, linked with that very distinguished Regiment, the 60th, whose great traditions it preserves through the changes and chances of these days. Among those in the group noted also in peacetime pursuits, Captain A. L. Gracie, M.C., will be remembered as one of the greatest three-quarters ever capped for Scotland

Names: (front row, sitting, l. to r.) Captain the Hon. J. Lindsay, Captain C. P. de Paravicini, Captain A. L. Gracie, M.C., Major H. F. F. Farrer (Second-in-Command), Lieut.-Colonel H. W. Butler, M.V.O., M.C. (O.C.), Major C. R. Fryer, M.C. (Adj.), Captain H. Samuelson, Captain D. Glyn Owen; (middle row, l. to r.) 2nd Lieut. H. P. M. Bower, Lieut. F. C. Durbin, R.A.M.C., 2nd Lieuts. I. C. Scott, D. B. Adams, G. D. Leyland, M. Wagg, J. A. T. Morgan, Lieut. G. E. J. Benn, 2nd Lieut. T. E. W. Waddington; (top row, l. to r.) 2nd Lieut. T. S. Lucas, Lieut. A. J. Ryall, 2nd Lieuts. the Hon. P. Pleydell-Bouverie, P. J. Bradford, R. S. Grieg, G. D. North-Lewis, Lieut. G. E. Jones, 2nd Lieut. R. Matthew

Future of Insurance Rates.

WHILE no one knows how many cars will be taken out of commission at the end of this quarter, it is certain to run into hundreds of thousands. So that it will be interesting to compare the number of cars in use in January 1940 with the two million-odd in commission last August and the 132,000 in use in August, 1914.

The decrease in the number of cars on the road, plus their enforced reduction in mileage owing to fuel-rationing, at first sight puts up a good case for some abatement in insurance rates. This point has been seized on by the R.A.C. in an attempt to reduce the heavy burden imposed on motorists. Unfortunately, another factor comes into the picture, and that is the doubling of the number of road accidents, largely owing to the black-out regulations. The position arising from claims under this heading has not yet been clarified, and until it is, there is apparently little chance of any abatement in premiums.

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES



FROM PETROL—

In these two pictures is displayed one of the startling changes of these days. Above, Miss van Haeften is seen in the palmy summer days congratulating her cousin, Miss Anne Brocklehurst, on her new Morgan, the twin of Miss van Haeften's own. Below, the same two ladies (though Miss van Haeften became, on the very eve of war, the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Seely) with twin bicycles in place of twin cars



—TO PEDAL

Pool Petrol and Miles per Gallon.

Several people who speak with authority claim that consumption tests of Pool petrol have disclosed a reduction of 15 or 20 per cent. in miles per gallon. Most people also note a sluggishness in starting from cold, and a tendency to pink when the engine labours. On the other hand, some friends who drive highly efficient engines have no complaints. My own view is that the specification of the fuel may vary, and that the Pool that was decanted last week-end into some garage's pumps at place A may be greatly superior to the mixture supplied to place B's filling-station. That theory, at any rate, would account for the different results experienced.

The Faithful Balloon.

Here's an extraordinary story of a balloon which broke away from its appointed position in the barrage and, after disappearing into the clouds for a couple of days, landed again in the field adjoining its original moorings.

Camouflage, Gay and Grim.

The other day I passed several motor-car factories which I knew quite well in civilian life. To-day they have been camouflaged so well that their friends can hardly recognise them. Offices and buildings that were a model of brightness, lightness,

(Continued on page viii)



In the darkness and drizzle of November, official road direction and advice are always reliable. No less reliable is the counsel to fit DUNLOP Tyres. That way sure safety lies.

DUNLOP Fort

THE TYRES WITH TEETH

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN

By MICHAEL ARLEN

This is the first of a series of important weekly articles by Mr. Michael Arlen on the Conduct of the War. The next will be ON WORMS

YOU get a headache thinking what a lovely world ours has turned out to be, but getting yourself a headache gets you nowhere at all, and so what we must do is to keep calm and think clearly. We must scorn impatience. We must eschew melancholy. These scorned and eschewed, we can sit around and brood about servants (Civil).

This is what I have been telling myself these last few weeks as I, with countless other unwanted and forgotten men, have gone slinking about London offering my services to my country and getting myself a nice kick in the pants. But doubtless everything will sort itself out in due course. For example, there was recently a dreadful period when you could not get meals on railway trains, whereas now there is a dreadful period when you can get meals on railway trains.

But, despite every discouragement, I have succeeded in doing my bit. I, too, am helping to combat Hitlerism. Having been told by the authorities that there is a shortage of paper and that good citizens must avoid wasting it, I have given up writing novels. Let but the majority of other novelists follow the patriotic example set by Arlen, and civilisation shall still gain something from this war.

As a result of this form of National Service, I have found leisure for meditation. And I have noted with alarm that we are in grave danger of overlooking one of the major opportunities offered to us by the war for the betterment of mankind. The time has now come when this issue has simply got to be brought prancing out into the open.

I refer to the looks and general appearance of women. Let there be no misunderstanding. I refer to the outside and not the inside, for I have had nearly 44 years' experience of not knowing what goes on inside women, or why.

I refer to women's looks. These have been steadily deteriorating for years, but in the period before the war they became so generally unsatisfactory that large bodies of men could be observed to be averting the eye from women, while statistics for illegitimacy in Scotland were found to be falling like loaded confetti. But while frequent complaints were made with a view to preventing women from making a mess of their appearance, nothing of a constructive nature was really done, as it was, for example, in the matter of increasing the production of aeroplanes.

The war against evil things now gives us a matchless opportunity of stopping the rot before women, in the free and independent exercise of their own faultless bad-taste in the choice of their frocks, hats, cosmetics and hairdressers, have made their pretty faces so intolerable to look at that it will be just downright cheek to ask us to make the world safe for them. You bet the world shouldn't be made safe for them.

It should be understood that I write as a feminist. I know men who are blind to the charms of women. I am not of this arch but shrewd body. Ever since I was a little boy I have formed a series of favourable opinions of women, and now in middle life I find that I am one of the very few men who like women even between meals. Women who look back on their lives will find that they have been made up of men getting up from tables and dashing away to be with other men in the course of business or pleasure. But not me. Not I. No kidding, Arlen stays parked—if and when possible.

Thus it is with intense disappointment that I have watched the unbridled enthusiasm with which women, and even poor women who ought to know better, because there are fewer silly asses around them, have been spoiling their looks. Is it possible to admire lips, no matter how lovely the curve nor how delicious the lilt, if they are the colour of smoked salmon? Is one not compelled to look away with repulsion from a pretty face whose owner has gone to the infinite trouble of giving her attractive mouth a flaky and raddled appearance, like that of an unwanted radish left too long in an exposed place?

It is not that we ask women to look unpainted. We have no quarrel with cosmetics. A whispered perfume will always enchant us, while powder, rouge and lip-stick are a part of the daily ceremony of our familiar lives with our dear ones, like laughter and quarrelling and unpunctuality and saying good-night to the kids. An unpainted woman is an unsightly woman, usually smelling strongly of leather, heartiness, horses

and rectitude. We have no quarrel with cosmetics, but with the low, insensate and formidable cunning which inspires the women we admire to abuse their use.

How many poems and dreams have been inspired by hair! Me, I have never been inspired much by hair as such, but some poets and writers have gone simply nuts about it, so that to read them you would think hair was something to eat. You would also think that women would be grateful for all this tra-la-la, and that they would be grateful to the men in their lives who have been hair-conscious and have whispered "Darling, your hair is a garden of dreams," or even maybe "Angel, the lights in your hair set my heart afire"—a likely story!

Well, they are so grateful that every day hairdressers are besieged by women with naturally attractive heads who urgently want their hair to be cut and shaped and coloured like the woman's they saw last night, whose hair would have suited a sulkily evacuated Pekinese. Nor is this the hairdresser's fault. Most women know such a darn lot about spoiling their looks that they simply will neither take advice from advertisements nor follow their coiffeur's advice.

We have left ourselves no space for a measured discussion on women's hats, particularly so-called "well-dressed" women's hats, except to say in passing that they stink. And yet shops are simply full of charming and gracious hats, hats that will delight and enchant and enslave us. But, with such possibilities to choose from, the pretty girl, the lovely woman, the charming matron, scorning all advice, will pick herself a top-hat made of synthetic suede or a nasty bit of circular nonsense tapering into a funnel. Why, one asks, just why, dear Heaven, the funnel?


The plea I make is an intensely patriotic one. In this war we are all taking orders from somebody. Those women who are not in uniform should at once put themselves under the orders of their nearest dressmaker. No near dressmaker being available, the nearest hostile friend will do. Let dressmakers be encouraged to say: "My lady, that frock will not become you. It is true you do not look your age, it is true you don't look a day under sixty, but all the same your figure, charming though it is, has not quite the same lines as that of Miss Diana Wynyard, on whom you so admired this frock." Let the dressmakers be permitted to say: "Mrs. Isaacstein, you look terrible. If you will take off that Shirley Temple frock and let me try this on you, a smart creation specially designed for a massive figure, I am sure you will find that your husband will have fewer business dinners in the future."

This appeal is addressed to women's sense of civic duty. By discarding what they now wear and buying anew, the war finances of this country will be greatly strengthened. Let women but patriotically give up choosing their own hats and clothes, and shops will thrive, employment will increase, and grace shall be added to this unhappy world. Perhaps it is nothing that such self-discipline will also enrich the dreams of men. But it will also add very greatly to the ardour of our fighting forces, both as fighting forces and as domestic forces.



MISS VENETIA ARLEN

The daughter of Mr. Michael Arlen, the famous novelist and playwright, writer of the article on this page, and of Mrs. Michael Arlen, who is the beautiful daughter of the Count Mercati. Venetia is just six, and the picture was taken just before the war at a garden-party at her parents' home in Cannes. This is her first winter in England, and she dislikes Hitler accordingly



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AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Production Kingsley.

NEVER has there appeared in British public life one with a greater capacity for adroit lubrication of the organisational wheels than Sir Kingsley Wood. He is the supreme pacificator. Where there is dryness, over-heating and risk of seizure—as there was not long before the war in the Air Ministry—Sir Kingsley is called in with his magic oil-can, and lo! the wheels begin to turn again with speed and silence; what's more, they begin to accelerate in an astonishing way. Look at British aircraft production; look at the training of pilots and aircraft crews. The wheels are spinning at a speed they have never previously attained; the lubricant is reaching the right spots. The best Nazi efforts at speeding up the works, compared with Sir Kingsley's lubricant, look like carborundum powder and iron filings.

Somebody writing in one of the more solemn political weeklies the other day suggested that Sir Kingsley Wood should be asked to take over the Ministry of Information. I agree that he would probably put it right; but he is needed for the incomparably more important post that he now occupies.

Employing a totally different technique from Mr. Winston Churchill, generally rather unimpressive in public utterance, Sir Kingsley achieves results equally brilliant. It is, of course, always necessary when speaking of war activities and war effort to emphasise that words spoken to-day may have a new complexion put on them to-morrow. But I think we can make one comment on what the Royal Air Force has done so far. It is that its activities in the protection of these islands have gone far beyond the expectations of those who were its greatest admirers. When twelve German machines raided that North Sea convoy, seven were brought down, and the R.A.F. suffered no casualties. People have been so busy wondering what Germany's next move will be that they have been inclined to overlook that victory. At the Firth of Forth, the R.A.F. victory was also noteworthy. Do not let us fail—while we wait for the enemy's next move—to give due credit to the men who brought about these aerial successes. We cannot expect always to carve up the enemy's attacks in so magistral a manner; but what has been done so far is worthy of record and of admiration.

Seaclets.

An amiable lunatic who specialises in strange inversions suggested the other day that, instead of dropping leaflets with the notice: "This might have been a bomb," we should have dropped

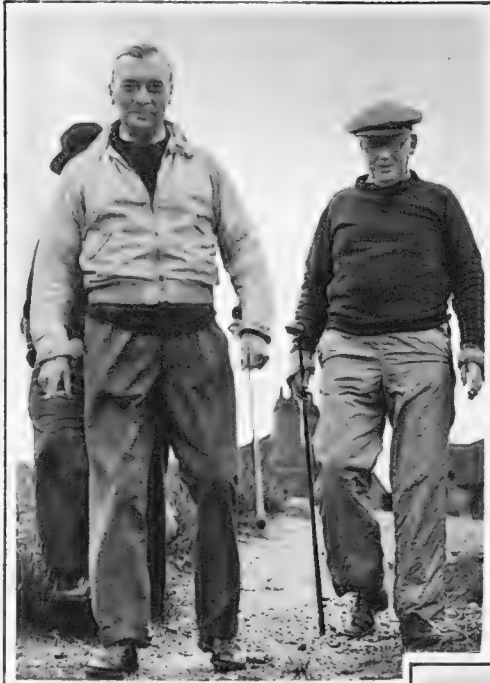
bombs with labels tied on: "This might have been a leaflet"! His view was that the leaflets themselves were so boring that they were dreaded more than any other possible missile. Personally, I am unable to say how bad or how good the leaflets are, for, by some queer modesty or some peculiar timidity, the Ministry of Information refuses to issue them to the British Press. It does not mind issuing translations, but it will not issue copies of the actual documents themselves.

A friend spent about two weeks telephoning and writing to try and get a set because there had been criticism of the German in which they are phrased. But nothing he could do produced any result. First the Ministry of Information said they had nothing to do with the leaflets, and that they were entirely the responsibility of the Air Ministry. The Air Ministry however, denied this, and the Air Ministry was right. It was merely acting as postman, and the leaflets were the responsibility of the Ministry of Information. So when that was brought home, there were visits and telephone calls on various departments, and finally the completely negative result. I see Lord Camrose (himself one of the first critics of it) has been appealing to critics to stop criticising the Ministry; but really, what can be done when it acts in this manner and refuses to let the British Press see a document which has been scattered in millions over enemy territory? True, we need not carp at the wretched thing; but let us recognise that it is one of those messes which war brings, and which must be cleaned up.

Air Raid Policy.

Most people will approve of the decision of the Air Ministry and the Fighter Command not to have air raid warnings sounded unless there is good evidence that a fairly heavy attack is to be launched. Air raid damage falls into two groups: direct destruction and interference with production. From the point of view of winning the war, the interference which repeated air raids can cause to production is far the more serious. If raid warnings are to be sounded every time an enemy machine is spotted approaching the coast, it would be simple for the enemy almost to bring work to a standstill in this country by sending a succession of single machines. If the losses were exceedingly heavy, they would still be worth it, for directly production is stopped the war effort is reduced.

(Continued on page viii)



THE R.A.F. TAKE ON THE WENTWORTH GOLF CLUB

Air Vice-Marshal N. D. K. McEwen and Mr. Carlyle Hugh moving off from the first tee at Camberley Heath during this friendly contest



GROUP-CAPTAIN J. L. VACHELL

Another snapshot taken during the R.A.F. v. Wentworth Golf Club match at Camberley Heath course. Group-Captain Vachell is seen driving off at the third tee



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT AND MRS. NIGEL TANGYE (ANN TODD)

Taken immediately after their wedding at the Chelsea Register Office, the bride being that charming young actress we all know so well, and the bridegroom the second son of Colonel and Mrs. T. G. Tangye, of St. Columb Minor, Cornwall

It is a British tradition
to offer your guests
Schweppes





DOROTHY DICKSON, WHO IS IN THE NEW SHOW "SECOND HELPING"

Ivor Novello's new show which opened at Southport on October 31 was described as "a farcical comedy designed purely to amuse," that, of course, being the main objective in all farcical comedies. It is also obviously designed to enchant the eye—for proof see the above charming picture and on right

THE soldier was explaining the theory of shooting to his girl friend.

"You see, we have to calculate the distance of the object we want to hit, and then allow for the power of attraction of the earth."

"But suppose you are shooting over water?"

"Oh, that's more than you would understand—besides, I'm not in the Navy."

Another improbable "Hitler" story. Hitler told the Swiss Premier that he must hand over a strip of Switzerland adjoining the German frontier.

The Swiss replied that he must consult his First Lord of the Admiralty.

"But," protested Hitler, "you haven't got a navy. Why do you want a First Lord for it?"

"Well, Mussolini's got a Finance Minister, and you have a Minister of Justice. So why shouldn't I have a Marine Minister?"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

An important business firm was carrying out official A.R.P. instructions on what to do in an air raid. Members of the staff read the paragraphs concerning incendiary bombs until word-perfect, and then it was decided to hold a test.

Buckets in which to place the bombs, and shovels with which to pick them up, were ordered. After lengthy correspondence the firm succeeded in obtaining a real incendiary bomb.

When the bomb was placed, lighted, on the shovel, it burnt a hole through it. The shovel was sent back to the makers, with a statement of what had happened.

Experiments were made, and a fresh bomb-shovel was specially manufactured. Another incendiary bomb was obtained. It burned clean through the second shovel.

The firm wrote to the authorities, asking their advice. Masses of letters passed to and fro. Finally, there arrived this official pronouncement: "We can only conclude that you must be using the wrong kind of incendiary bomb."

An enthusiastic politician was asked by his wife to lay aside politics long enough to dig up the potatoes in the garden.

He consented, somewhat reluctantly, and after digging for a few minutes, went into the house and said he had found a coin. He washed it, and it proved to be a shilling. He put it in his pocket, and went back to work.

Presently he went to the house again and said he had found another coin. He washed the dirt off it, and this time it was a two-shilling piece. He put it in his pocket.

"I have worked pretty hard," said he to his wife. "I think I'll have a short nap now."

When he awoke he was not surprised to find that his wife had dug up the rest of the potatoes—and that she had found no coins!

The bank manager rang up Mr. Cohen and called his attention to the fact that he had overdrawn his account to the extent of £200.

"Vell, and vot about it?" inquired Mr. Cohen. "Vill you tell me vot my account vas at this time last year? Just tell me that."

The bank manager said he would inquire, and after a short absence returned to the 'phone and said: "I find that this time last year you had a balance in your favour of £2000."

"Vell," replied Cohen, triumphantly, "did I ring you up?"

After a heated argument, Mrs. Brown had succeeded in persuading her husband to allow their daughter to go to a boarding-school. After a few weeks the girl wrote home and said: "I'm just crazy on ping-pong."

"What did I say!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "I knew it would come to no good; now she's fallen in love with a Chinese."



ISABEL JEANS, ALSO STARRING IN "SECOND HELPING"

This was the beautiful young actress's first appearance since her return from Hollywood, and she, Dorothy Dickson and other clever people helped to give Ivor Novello's latest a good start at Southport, *en route*, of course, for London where it is certain of a welcome—*Blitzkrieg* or no!

Photos: Dorothy Wilding

Beauty's Cause must still be served...



Our Lives to-day hardly leave us time for leisured hours before the mirror. But with all our varied calls to duty the cause of Beauty must still be served. So, with their time so busily employed, women are turning to a simpler method of beauty care—a method which calls for no experiment—to just four Cyclax Preparations. Special Lotion to prevent discolouration of the skin by atmosphere and acidity; Skin Food to stimulate and nourish the tissues; Skin Soap to cleanse thoroughly but safely the delicate pores; and for use during the day, Cleansing Lotion to remove tired make-up and leave the skin as fresh as dew... Just four Cyclax Preparations.



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 Cyclax Skin Soap 3/6
 Box of Three 9/6
 Cyclax Cleansing Lotion . 4/-, 7/6, 15/-

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M.E. BROOKE



LITTLE time has the woman of today to take thought for the needs of her skin. Therefore, Elizabeth Arden, 25 Old Bond Street, has designed a "Busy Woman's Beauty Box" (45s.). It contains over a dozen beauty preparations

ELIZABETH ARDEN contends, and with justice, that above everything the skin needs cleansing, nourishing and toning. The Ardena Cleansing Cream sinks into the pores and persuades them to give up all the dust and other injurious particles which they have collected during the day. For nourishing there is the Velva Cream. It is ever so soft and has a strange dew-like effect. The Skin Tonic is from 4s. a bottle and a small flask should be carried in the handbag.

NOW that the cold weather has arrived a fur coat is an absolute necessity, and the fur should be of such a character that it will withstand hard wear. Gooch, in the Brompton Road, have assembled in their salons an infinite variety of these affairs. The natural antelope model on this page is ten guineas; the hood, lined with velvet, fastens invisibly

Pictures
by
Blake



Daks 3-in-hand

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(Women's Shop — 4th Floor)



Simpson
PICCADILLY

THERE IS AN AGENT
FOR WOMEN'S DAKS
IN YOUR DISTRICT

Game of Espionage

(Continued from page 186)

His revolver bored into the other's back. "Remember," he repeated, "a move on your part, and there'll be a nice little hole through your spine."

Whipping a cord out of his pocket, with his left hand he began dexterously to tie the other's upraised arms, his revolver never for an instant shifting its position.

"I told you I knew I was beat," the other said with a sheepish grin. "Wonder what they'll give you for this, the Iron Cross, or a special invitation to Berchtesgaden—!"

At that moment there came a rapping on the door. In fixing the last loop of the cord, the German stopped dead: "Who is that?"

"My dear, Karl, you surely don't think I was foolish enough to keep such a valuable document, even for a little while, without protection. It is, you will find, special gendarmes, sent to help me take care of it till my chief arrives."

The revolver pressed hard into his back: "Tell them you do not need them."

"That would be useless, as we have a code by which such a statement from any of us means its opposite. So if I said such a thing, they would break in immediately."

The rapping was repeated, more urgently this time. "I would take the risk and shoot my way out," said the German, "but—" His eyes darted to the window—"Tell them you will open the door in a moment—" he ordered.

The other complied: "Just a minute, gentlemen, please, and I will open the door."

"*Endlich!*" With an exclamation of triumph, the German rid him of a revolver, which he pocketed, and then the document, concealed in an ordinary-looking tobacco pouch. Being pressed for time, he let the pouch fall, after he had reassured himself as to its contents.

"I would have found out how you got this news



Marcus Adams

ANNA GYLLA MACGREGOR

A delightful picture of the only daughter of Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor and Lady MacGregor. Gylla is one of her mother's names. Lady MacGregor is a daughter of the late Hon. Eric Norman Rollo, a kinsman of Lord Rollo

away from Germany—but no matter *now*." The revolver pressed harder: "Also I meant to shoot you and make one less enemy for the Reich; but a shot would—as you say, so well in English—give the show away. So for the present you must live."

The pressure of the revolver was removed and the German backed towards the window. "Keep telling them you are coming," he said, "a word of warning to them and I'll change my mind about not shooting."

"In a minute, gentlemen, I'll be with you in a minute."

Backing, the German parted the curtains and slung one leg over the window sill. As a farewell gesture, he gave the lifting movement of his upper lip that could be interpreted as a smile. Then he slung the other leg over and vanished.

There came a scream, followed by silence, as the other ran to the door and hit on it with his bound hands: "I can't open to you, but come in—any way you can—even if you have to break in!"

The door opened at once and a man in overcoat and hat, entered: "I understood you to say, Brown—" he began, and broke off at the sight of the other's corded arms and hands.

Interrogatively, he raised an eyebrow. "You don't mean to tell me that you've lost—" He left his sentence unfinished.

"No, sir, not if you'll hurry downstairs with me at once. You can help me free my hands in the lift. We must hurry if we are to collect that document."

"I thought I heard a scream," his chief said.

"You did, sir. It was the Nazi agent who had just taken my gun and the document, when you arrived. But he was foolish enough to believe me when I told him that this room had a balcony."

* * *

The Queen's Book of the Red Cross which Her Majesty has graciously consented to sponsor is in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Red Cross and the Order of St. John.

It will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for Christmas, and all profits will go to the Lord Mayor's Fund. Contributions have already been promised by the Poet Laureate, Sir Hugh Walpole, Gracie Fields and many more.

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 you
 had
 time**



WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

December Weddings.

The marriage arranged between Captain Douglas Dundas Maitland, R.A.M.C., and Miss Natalie Franklin will take place early in December in Bombay. The marriage will take place early in December in Bombay between Mr. Robin Dill Gordon, K.G.V's O. Cavalry, eldest son of Mr. J. S. Gordon, C.B.E., D.Sc., and Mrs. Gordon, Stragollen, Strabane, Northern Ireland, and Miss Christina Emsie Clark, daughter of the late Mr. Jasper Clark, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and of Mrs. G. B. Addison, Peaklands, Fareham.

Friday's Weddings.

The wedding will take place at St.

Michael's, Chester Square, on Friday, between Mr. Grey Wilson Blake, only son of Mr.



MR. AND MRS. D. C. W. VEREY

Before her marriage Mrs. Verey was Miss Rosemary Isobel Baird Sandilands, younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Prescott Sandilands, of Coleherne Court, S.W. Her husband is 2nd Lieutenant David Cecil Wybter Verey, only son of the Rev. Cecil H. and Mrs. Verey, of Barnsley Close, Glos.

and Mrs. Wilson Blake, of Hampstead, and Miss Ruth Evelyn Grundy, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Grundy, of Mountfield, Chislehurst, Kent. The marriage will also take place on Friday between Mr. Denis Arthur Hepworth Wright, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wright, of Squirrels Heath, Essex, and Miss Iona Carmen Craig, of Bolney, Sussex, at the British Consulate-General, Galatz, Rumania.

Saturday's Wedding.

The wedding will take place on Saturday at Humshaugh, between Mr. Peter John Feilding

Chapman-Walker, of Chapmore End, Ware, Herts, and Dr. Monica Fetherston Bell, M.B., B.S., of Linden House, Humshaugh, Northumberland.

Recent Engagements.

The engagement is announced between Mr. Patrick Magor Leatham, only son of Captain and Mrs. Cecil Leatham, of Redbourn House, Wentworth, and the Hon. Cecily Evelyn Berry, youngest daughter of the late Lord Buckland of Bwlch, and of Lady Buckland of Woolton House, Newbury; Mr. Hector Gordon Jelf, Colonial Administrative Service, youngest son of Sir Arthur S. Jelf, C.M.G., and the late Mrs. Blanche Jelf, and Miss Margaret



MRS. ANTHONY BALDEN

Who was formerly Deputy-Commander Diana Margaret Wilshaw (A.T.S.), elder daughter of Sir Edward Wilshaw, chairman and managing director of Cables and Wireless, Ltd. Her wedding to Captain Anthony Balden, only son of the late Mr. Dimsdale Balden and Mrs. L. M. G. Balden, of Alresford, Essex, took place at the Church of St. James the Less, Colchester

Worcs; Pilot Officer Paul Richey, R.A.F., son of Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. M. Richey, of 68 Cadogan Square, S.W.1, and Miss Teresa Lister Robinson, elder daughter of Sir Roy Lister Robinson, O.B.E., and Lady Lister Robinson, of 57 Sloane Gardens, S.W.1; Mr. Arthur Frederick Crane Nicholls, only son of the late Mr. Joseph Crane Nicholls, of Inchgarth, Bexhill, Sussex, and Miss Dorothy Ann Violet Schuster, of Fair Croun, Wadhurst, Sussex; Mr. Peter Anthony Woodward, and Miss Moira Hopwood, daughter of the Hon. Frank and Mrs. Hopwood, of Kent.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. J. A. CHRISTIE-MILLER

Who were married recently, and are shown driving away in "state" from the church in a decorated army lorry. The bride was formerly Miss Bridget Wilbraham Dixon, daughter of Commander Noel W. Dixon, R.N., of Tarporley, Cheshire, and the bridegroom is the son of Colonel Geoffrey Christie-Miller, of Nantwich, Cheshire

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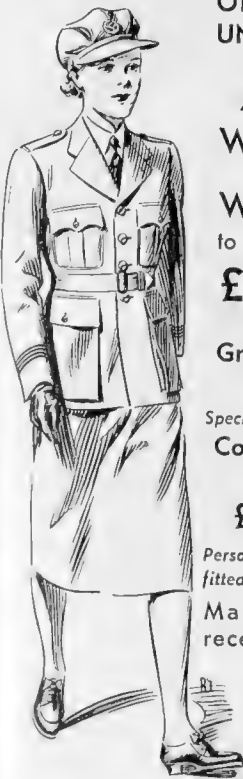
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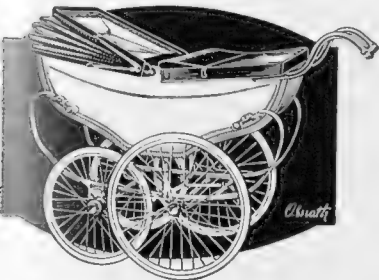
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MRS. SHELMERDINE

And some promising puppies

friend. The demand for dogs should increase in these days of loneliness, anxiety and sorrow. The home where there is not a dog to greet one must feel very empty indeed."

Baroness Burton will give a Springer bitch puppy to a good home. She should make an excellent worker, as she is full sister, later litter, to the baroness's trial winner.

Some breeds are coming into their own in these troublous times as having special value as companions. One of these is the Keeshond. Keeshonds really do not show their full capabilities when kept in large numbers in kennels. As they were originally the property of poorish men on barges, kennel life was not their original occupation, but purely being guards and friends. They are intelligent, devoted, good guards, but not savage, and most adaptable. Many people are taking them up for this reason. Miss Hastings owns one of the foremost kennels of Keeshonds. I cannot remember the number of champions she has bred—at least six and all carefully bred on scientific lines. Miss Hastings has now, like so many others, joined up, and some of her dogs have gone to good homes, but a nucleus of her famous strain has been kept and I hope before long we shall see the "Evenlodes" continuing their victorious career. The photograph is of some puppies bred this year.

As long as human beings are on this earth, they will be followed by the Terrier! It seems a natural conjunction, and

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

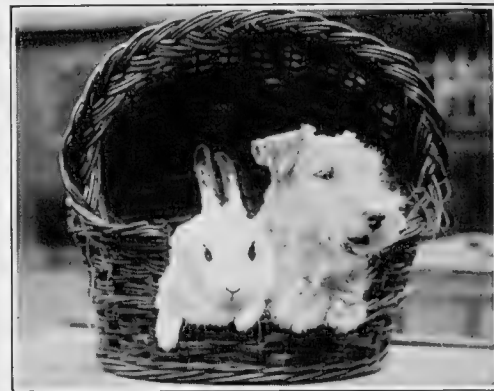
In an article in *Our Dogs*, Mrs. Gatacre has recently expressed so well what so many people feel about their dogs that I do not apologize for quoting her. "I imagine that during the war, dogs in general will come into their own once more, not so much as a money-making concern, or a satisfaction to our vanity as breeders or exhibitors, but as man's best companion and most reliable friend."



KEESHOND PUPPIES

Property of Miss Hastings

in order to meet this want, there are Terriers of all shapes, sizes and dispositions, adapted to every one. One of the latest comers is the Sealyham, and he is now seen everywhere, "trotting along behind." The Misses Verrall have a famous kennel of Sealyhams and send a photograph of two friends. This photograph was taken some time before the war; it is possible that nowadays the



TWO FRIENDS

Property of the Misses Verrall

meet with the fate of the Lady of Riga, from what one hears of the efforts made by owners to supply their dogs with meat! There are usually puppies for sale at Walsgrave.

There is something about Pekinese which is different from other dogs. It is said that no one who has known one ever dislikes them, and I know several kennels of sporting dogs where the house companion is a Pekinese. It is partly their arrogant nature and their courage which makes them attractive; it is difficult to frighten a Pekinese, you can see his ancestors were brought up in a palace. He is also a lovely little dog, bred to great perfection. Before this war, Pekinese were being sent from this country to China to improve the breed there! Mrs. Shelmerdine has a well-known kennel of Pekinese. The photograph is of herself and three very promising puppies, all home bred. Mrs. Shelmerdine has constructed a special kennel for her dogs in the cellar, both gas and bomb proof, and she has started breeding rabbits to ensure a food supply. She has found really reliable homes for the dogs she did not wish to keep, but has kept the very best in order to keep the Ti Foon colours flying when better days come. Good luck to her!

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton, who will always be very pleased to receive good, clear photographs of all breeds for consideration. She will always be willing to give advice on dogs to any one who writes to the above address.

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SERGEANT LUPINO LANE—
1ST LAMBETH FOOT-
SLOGGERS

The audience at the special army show of *Me and My Girl* (of which more pictures will be found on Page 177), got mixed up with the cast after the performance, and the sergeants' mess conferred an appropriate decoration on the star, Lupino Lane, to indicate their approval of his barrack-square "Oi's," and fine Lambeth marching style. The German radio will, no doubt, infer from this picture that (a) The British Army is so short of efficient N.C.O.s that Mr. Lane, with his actor's voice, has had to be impressed into the service and (b) that we are so short of materials for uniforms that any make-shift is adopted. Mr. Churchill is probably at the bottom of it. Hamburg radio please copy



Petrol Vapour

(Continued from page 196)

and business efficiency have taken on a drab and ominous look, their general effect reminding me of an expanse of the most squalid-looking allotments. The change in outward appearance, merely produced by colour and not by shape, would be incredible unless one had seen it for oneself. One look at the new dress of these places was enough to make one feel glum and disheartened.

There seems to be several schools of camouflage thought. The older blurbs different colours across the walls while a later technique covers blank surfaces with rows of bogus windows, doors and roof shapes, so that the factory looks like a ramshackle slum.

The vogue is even spreading to private houses. Many of one's friends, even though they live out in the country, are convinced that their particular home is an outstanding landmark for the Nazi bomb. So one dear lady has spent the last month camouflaging her house while another has sandbagged her front door. All very warlike, but what a waste of time!

* * *

The Coventry By-Pass.

The six miles by-pass which avoids the narrow and crowded streets of Coventry by sweeping across open country to the south of the city is now open to traffic. True, it has not yet received its final pansying up, but you can get through by observing the warning signs. Having been built in spasms during the last few years, its design varies from section to section. The margin that divides its wide up and down tracks is sometimes a thin strip and sometimes a broad expanse of grass. In some places there are service side roads and in some cases none. Cycle and pedestrian tracks start and finish at odd points. The surface constantly changes and so does the furniture of the road, such as lighting and round-about fittings. At each end of the by-pass where it joins the London-Birmingham road there is a roundabout.

One would have thought that this by-pass would have been a god-send to the drivers of heavy through traffic. It would save them the risk, inconvenience and waste of time of negotiating the narrow and crowded streets of Coventry. But, believe me, these chaps prefer the old road, even at night. And the reason given is that they grew accustomed to it in the pre-by-pass days and preferred it because there was more to see there. The people, the shops, the policemen and the general racket of a busy city appealed to them. And that's

why you hear the thunder of heavy traffic convoys all night long in the centre of Coventry.

* * *

Footpath Folly.

When is the Minister of Transport going to shut down some of the wicked and unnecessary expense being incurred by building miles and miles of unwanted concrete footpaths out in the open country? The uselessness of the thing is proved by the weedy and overgrown condition of paths which were gardenised, gravelled or tarmacked a year or two ago. Despite this, in some cases these paths are being dug up and concrete pavement is being laid in their place. These fol-de-rols are unnecessary and in any case should be left till after the war.

Air Eddies

(Continued from page 200)

It is clear that the Fighter Command cannot tell whether a heavy raid is to be made or not. They can only form a rough guess as a result of the reports which come through. But it is better from the national point of view that no warning should be given and that a slight extra risk to life be accepted than that warnings should be given every time and production seriously impaired. At the same time it is worth noting that the air-raid precautions policy as adopted by Sir John Anderson's department before the war started, was based on the assumption that warnings would be given and that in every raid people would be under cover in the appropriate shelters. Now it becomes necessary drastically to revise the whole of the basic A.R.P. policy and to lay it down as axiomatic that people take no action when raids occur unless and until the raiding gets so bad that people can no longer resist the natural urge to take cover.

* * *

A woman in the fifties desperately needs the help of the Friends of the Poor. She has had an operation for cancer, and is left with a very bad heart. She has 5/- weekly from National Health Insurance, and her husband, from whom she is separated, sends her 15/- when he can. This is very uncertain, and in order to economize she does her best to do her own cleaning. The hospital have forbidden her to do this, but what can she do? It is necessary to give her a coal allowance of 2/6 weekly for this winter.

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